









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/provokdwifecomed00vanb>

W 80.004

THE  
Provok'd Wife:  
  
A  
C O M E D Y.  
  
As it is Acted at the  
Theatre Royal  
  
I N  
D R U R Y - L A N E.

---

By the Author of a New Comedy, call'd, *ESOP*.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Wellington* at the *Dolphin and Crown* in *St Paul's Churchyard*: And *William Lewis* at the *Dolphin* in *Great Russel street, Covent Garden*; MDCCIX.

---

The Art of Pleasing in Conversation; Written by *Cardinal Richlieu*. French and English. Price 2 s. 6.

Five Love-Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier. French and English. Price 1 s. *Claudius Mauger's* Most Exellent French Grammar. The One and twentieth Edition. Price 2 s.

The Art of Love, A Poem. Dedicated to the Ladies, by *Mr. Charles Hopkins*. Price 2 s. The Last new Tragedy, call'd, *Injur'd Love, or the Cruel Husband*. Price 1 s. 6. The Secret History of the Earl of *Essex* and Queen *Elizabeth*. A Novel. Price 1 s.

Where are Sold All sorts of Plays.

二〇〇〇年三月

Axon

Pp

3939

P7  
1709

# PROLOGUE

To the Provok'd Wife. Spoke by Mistress  
Bracegirdle.

**S**Ince 'tis the Intent and Business of the Stage,  
To Copy out the Follies of the Age ;  
To hold to every Man a faithful Glass,  
And shew him of what Species he's an Ass.  
I hope the next that teaches in the School,  
Will shew our Author he's a scribbling Fool.  
And that the Satyr may be sure to Bite,  
Kind Heaven ! Inspire some venom'd Priest to Write,  
And grant some Ugly Lady may Indite.  
For I wou'd have him lash'd, by Heavens ! I wou'd,  
Till his Presumption swam away in Blood.  
Three Plays at once proclaims a Face of Brass,  
No matter what they are ; That's not the Case,  
To Write Three Plays, e'en that's to be an Ass.  
But what I least forgive, he knows it too,  
For to his Cost he lately has known you.  
Experience shews, to many a Writers smart,  
You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had part ;  
So much of the Old Serpent's Sting you have,  
You Love to Damn, as Heav'n Delights to Save.  
In Foreign Parts, let a bold Voluntier,  
For Publick Good, upon the Stage appear,  
He meets Ten Thousand Smiles to dissipate his Fear.  
All tickle on the Adventuring Young Beginner,  
And only scourge th' Incorrigible Sinner ;  
They touch indeed his Faults, but with a Hand  
So gentle, that his Merit still may stand :  
Kindly they buoy the Follies of his Pen ;  
That he may shun 'em when he Writes again.  
But 'tis not so, in this good-natur'd Town,  
All's one, an Ox, a Poet, or a Crown ;  
Old England's Play was always Knocking Down.

EPI-

# EPilogue.

By another Hand.

*Spoken by Lady Brute and Bellinda.*

Lady B. **N**O Epilogue!

Bell. I swear I know of none.

Lady. Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?

Bell. Why, we must e'en say something of our own.

Lady. Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious stuff.

Bell. I'll lay my Life they'll like it well enough.

Come Faith begin —

Lady. Use me, after you.

Bell. Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.

Lady. O for the World, I would not have Precedence.

Bell. O Lord!

Lady. I Swear —

Bell. O Eye!

Lady. I'm all Obedience.

First then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,  
The Third Day is for us —

Bell. Nay and the Sixth.

Lady. We speak not from the Poet now, nor is it  
His Cause — (I want a Rhime)

Bell. That we sollicite.

Lady. Then sure you cannot have the Hearts to be severe  
And Damn us —

Bell. Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.

Lady. Why, if they should, what Punishment remains?

Bell. Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.

Lady. But if they're kind, that Sentence we'll recall,  
We can be grateful —

Bell. And have wherewithall.

Lady. But at Grand Treaties hope not to be Trusted.  
Before Preliminaries are adjusted.

Bell. You know the Time, and we appoint this place;  
Where, if you please, we'll meet and Sign the Peace.

TH!

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

<i>Constant.</i>	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Heartfree.</i>	Mr. Hudson.
<i>Sir John Brute.</i>	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Treble</i> , a Singing-Master.	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Rasor</i> , Valet de Chambre to Sir <i>J. B.</i>	Mr. Bowen.
<i>Justice of the Peace.</i>	Mr. Bright.
<i>Lord Rake</i> { Companions to Sir <i>J. B.</i>	
<i>Coll. Bully</i> { Companions to Sir <i>J. B.</i>	
<i>Constable and Watch.</i>	

## W O M E N.

<i>Lady Brute.</i>	Mrs. Barrey.
<i>Belinda</i> , her Niece.	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Lady Fancyfull.</i>	Mrs. Bowman.
<i>Madamoiselle.</i>	Mrs. Willis.
<i>Cor.</i> and <i>Pipe</i> , Servants to Lady <i>Fan.</i>	

THE

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by R. Wellington, at the Dolphin and  
Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Familiar Letters: Written by John late Earl of Rochester, to the Honourable Henry Savile, Esq; and other Persons of Quality; With Love-Letters, written by the late Ingenious Mr. Tho. Otway, Sir George Etheridge, and the late Duke of Buckingham. Price 5 s.

An Italian Voyage, or a compleat Journey thro' Italy. In Two Parts. With the Character of the People, and Description of the chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Palaces, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues and Antiquities; as also, of the Interest, Government, Riches, Force, &c. of all the Princes; with Instructions concerning Travel, By Richard Lassel, Gent. The Second Edition. With large Additions, by a Modern Hand.

The Novels, &c. of the late Ingenious Mrs Behn, Collected into one Vol. viz. Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave. Fair Jilt, or Prince Tarquin. Agnes de Castro, or the Force of Generous Love. The Lovers Watch, or the Art of Love. The Ladies Looking-glass. The lucky Mistake, The History of the Nun, or fair Vow-breaker.

Tho. Brown's New and Easie Method to understand the Roman History by way of Dialogue, for the use of the Duke of Burgundy: Done out of French, with very large Additions.

A Mathematical Companion, or the Description and Use of a new Sliding Rule, by which many Useful and Necessary Questions in Arithmetick, Military Orders, Interests, Trigonometry, Planometry, Stereometry, Geography, Astronomy, Navigation, Fortification, Gunnery, Dyalling, may be speedily resolved without the Help of Pen or Compasses. By William Hunt, Philomath.

A Discourse upon the and Nature Faculties of Man, in several Essays: With some Considerations on the Occurrences of Human Life. By Tim. Nourse, Gent.

Ovid Travestie; or, a Burlesque on Ovid's Epistles. By Captain Alexander Radcliff.

The Family Physician; being a choice Collection of approved and Experienc'd Remedies, to cure all Diseases incident to Human Bodies, useful in Families, and serviceable to Country People. By George Hartman, Chymist, Servant to Sir Kenelm Digby till he died.

A General Treatise of the Diseases of Infants and Children, collected from the most Eminent Practical Authors. By John Pechy, of the Colledge of Physicians.

Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick, the Second Edition, very much enlarged. By John Hawkins, Schoolmaster at St. George's Church in Southwark.

An Universal, Historical, Geographical, Chronological, and Poetical Dictionary, exactly describing the Situation, Extent, Customs, Laws, Manners, Commodities, &c. of all Kingdoms, Common-Wealths, Provinces, Islands and Cities, in the known World. Containing likewise the Lives of the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Primitive Fathers; Emperours, Kings, Princes, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and other eminent Persons; with an Account of the Inventors and Improvers of Arts and Sciences, Philosophers, and all Celebrated Authors. Also the History of the Pagan Gods, very useful for the Understanding of Clasick Authors; of the several Sects among the Jews, Christians, Heathens, and Mahometans, with their principal Ceremonies, Games and Festivals; of General Councils and Synods, when, and where Assembled; of the Establishment and Progress of Religious and Military Orders; and of the Genealogies of the most Illustrious Families, especially our Englis, Scotch, and Iris. The whole consisting of a curious Miscellany of Sacred and Prophane History: Extracted from Moreri, Bayle, Bandrand, Hoffman, Danet, and many more of the best and choicest Historians, Geographers, Chronologers and Lexicographers, Ancient and Modern. In two Volumes.

T H E  
Provok'd Wife.

---

A C T the First.

*Scene, Sir John Brute's House.*

*Enter Sir John, solus.*

**W**HAT cloying Meat is Love—when Matrimony's the Sauce to it? Two years Marriage has debauch'd my five Senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste—methinks has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Penance, nor Old Maid of being Chaste, as I am of being Married.

Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous Lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's Fighting. Would my Courage come up but to a fourth part of my Ill Nature, I'd stand buff to her Relations, and thrust her out of Doors.

But Marriage has funk me down to such an Ebb of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho even to get rid of my Wife. But here she comes.

*Enter Lady Brute.*

*Lady B.* Do you dine at home to day, Sir John?

*Sir J.* Why, do you expect I shou'd tell you, what I don't know my self?

## The Provok'd Wife.

*Lady B.* I thought there was no harm in asking you.

*Sir Job.* If thinking wrong were an excuse for Impertinence, Women might be justify'd in most things they say or do.

*Lady B.* I'm sorry I've said any thing to displease you.

*Sir Job.* Sorrow for things past, is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

*Lady B.* My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

*Sir Job.* Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I lik'd yesterday I don't like to day, and what I like to day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to morrow.

*Lady B.* But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

*Sir Job.* Why then there would have been more asking about it, than the thing was worth.

*Lady B.* I wish I did but know how I might please you.

*Sir Job.* Ay, but that sort of Knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

*Lady B.* Whate'er my Talent is, I'm sure my Will has ever been to make you easy.

*Sir Job.* If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

*Lady B.* What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: You married me for Love.

*Sir Job.* And you me for Money: So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

*Lady B.* What is it that disturbs you?

*Sir Job.* A Parson

*Lady B.* Why, what has he done to you?

*Sir Job.* He has married me.

[Exit Sir John.]

*Lady Brute,* sola.

The Devil's in the Fellow, I think—— I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an Estate, a Woman must needs be happy; so my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneasy. But some comfort still; if one would be reveng'd of him, these are good times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a separate Maintenance too—— The surly Puppy—— yet he's a Fool for't: For hitherto he has been no Monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me. I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the Attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Woman's Heart, in favour of a tempting Lover.

Methinks so noble a Defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with a better usage—— Or who can tell—— Perhaps a good part

# The Provok'd Wife.

3

part of what I suffer from my Husband may be a Judgment upon me for my Cruelty to my Lover — Lord, with what pleasure cou'd I indulge that thought, were there but a possibility of finding Arguments to make it good ! — And how do I know but there may — Let me see — What Opposes? — My Matrimonial Vow — Why, what did I vow ? I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband.

Well ; and he promis'd to be kind to me.

But he han't kept his Word —

Why then I'm absolv'd from mine — ay, that seems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Husband and the Wife ? O, but that Condition was not express — No matter, 'twas understood.

Well, by all I see, if I argue the matter a little longer with my self, I shan't find so many Bug-bears in the way, as I thought I shou'd. Lord, what fine Notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old foolish Philosophers ! Virtue's it's own Reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that — Virtue's an Afs, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter Belinda.

Lady B. Good morrow, dear Cousin.

Bel. Good morrow, Madam, you look pleas'd this morning.

Lady B. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray ?

Lady B. With my Husband.

Bel. Drown Husbands ; for yours is a provoking Fellow : As he went out just now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of day 'twas : And he ask'd me if I took him for the Church Clock, that was oblig'd to tell all the Parish.

Lady B. He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, Bellinda, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the downright Wife — and Cuckold him.

Bel. That wou'd be downright indeed.

Lady B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, Child. I know, according to the strict Statute Law of Religion, I shou'd do wrong : But if there were a Court of Chancery in Heaven, I'm sure I shou'd cast him.

Bel. If there were a House of Lords you might.

Lady B. In either I should infallibly carry my Cause.

Why, he is the first Aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know, we must return Good for Evil.

Lady B. That may be a Mistake in the Translation —

# The Provok'd Wife.

Prithee be of my opinion, *Bellinda*; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

*Bel.* I shan't take the liberty, Madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a Secret from me.

*Lady B.* Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My Heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

*Bel.* Your Eyes, you mean; for I am sure I have seen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lockt up safe enough.

*Lady B.* My Eyes gadding! Prithee after who, Child?

*Bel.* Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

*Lady B.* Constant you mean.

*Bel.* I do so.

*Lady B.* Lord, what shou'd put such a thing into your Head?

*Bel.* That which puts things into most Peoples Heads; Observation.

*Lady B.* Why what have you observ'd, in the name of wonder?

*Bel.* I have observ'd you blush when you meet him; force your self away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a word, never was poor Creature so spurr'd on by Desire, and so rein'd in with Fear!

*Lady B.* How strong is Fancy!

*Bel.* How weak is Woman!

*Lady B.* Prithee Niece, have a better opinion of your Aunt's Inclination.

*Bel.* Dear Aunt, have a better Opinion of your Niece's Understanding.

*Lady B.* You'll make me angry.

*Bel.* You'll make me laugh.

*Lady B.* Then you are resolv'd to persist?

*Bel.* Positively.

*Lady B.* And all I can say—

*Bel.* Will signify nothing.

*Lady B.* Tho I should swear 'twere false—

*Bel.* I shou'd think it true.

*Lady B.* Then let us both forgive, [kissing her] for we have both offended: I in making a Secret, you in discovering it.

*Bel.* Good Nature may do much: But you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

*Lady B.* 'Tis true *Bellinda*, you have given me so many Proofs of your Friendship, that my Reserve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, Remember, Child, that when our Nature

Nature prompts us to a thing; our Honour and Religion have forbid us. We wou'd (wer't possible) conceal even from the Soul it self, the knowledge of the Body's Weakness.

*Bel.* Well, I hope, to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

*Lady B.* No, from this Moment I have no more Reserve; and for a Proof of my Repentance, I own, *Belinda*, I'm in Danger. Merit and Wit assault me from without; Nature and Love sollicite me within; my Husband's barbarous Usage piques me to Revenge; and *Sathan* catching at the fair occasion, throws in my way that Vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleases Women best.

*Bel.* 'Tis well *Constant* don't know the weakness of the Fortifications; for o' my Conscience he'd soon come on to the Assault.

*Lady B.* Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no Coquet, *Belinda*: And if you'll follow my Advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquetry is one of the main Ingredients in the natural Composition of a Woman, and I, as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a Crowd of young Fellows, Ogling, and Glancing, and Watching all Occasions to do forty foolish officious things: Nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to Hanging or Drowning: Why—Faith—if I shou'd let pure Woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with't.

*Bel.* I'll swear 'twould tickle me strangely.

*Lady B.* But after all, 'tis a vicious Practice in us, to give the least Encouragement, but where we design to come to a Conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a Man in a Disease, which we before-hand resolve we never will apply a Cure to.

*Bel.* 'Tis true; but then a Woman must abandon one of the supreme Blessings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that pleasure in possessing a Mistress, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

*Lady B.* The happiest Woman then on Earth must be our Neighbour.

*Bel.* O the impertinent Composition! She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a Ridiculous Original, in spite of all that Art and Nature ever furnish'd to any of her Sex before her.

*Lady B.* She concludes all Men her Captives; and whatever Course they take, it serves to confirm her in that Opinion.

*Bel.* If they shun her, she thinks 'tis Modesty, and takes it for a Proof of their Passion.

*Lady B.* And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town-talk.

*Bel.* When her Folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

*Lady B.* And when her Impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her Favours.

*Bel.* All their Actions and their Words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

*Lady B.* And pities all other Women, because she thinks they envy her.

*Bel.* Pray, out of Pity to our selves, let us find a better Subject; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclin'd to Jealousy?

*Lady B.* O, no; he does not love me well enough for that.

Lord, how wrong Mens Maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their Wives, unless they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to consider the Womens Inclinations, for there depends their Fate.

Well, Men may talk; but they are not so Wise as we — that's certain.

*Bel.* At least in our Affairs.

*Lady B.* Nay, I believe we shou'd outdo 'em in the busines of the State too: For, methinks, they Do and Undo, and make but bad Work on't.

*Bel.* Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they?

*Lady B.* Because we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more Sport, Child. And so let's in and consider of 'em [Exeunt.

## S C E N E, A Dressing-Room.

Enter *Lady Fancyful*, *Madamoiselle*, and *Cornet*.

*Lady Fan.* How do I look this Morning?

*Cor.* Your Ladyship looks very ill truly.

*Lady Fan.* Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, tho' the thing shou'd be true. Don't you know that I have Humility enough to be but too easily out of Conceit with my self. Hold the Glass; I dare swear that will have more manners than you have. *Madamoiselle*, let me have your Opinion too.

*Madam.* My Opinion pe, Matam, dat your Ladyship never look so well in your Life.

*Lady Fan.* Well, the French are the prettiest obliging People, they say the most acceptable, well-manner'd things — and never flatter.

*Madam.*

*Madam.* Your Ladyship say great Justice inteed.

*Lady Fan.* Nay, every thing's just in my House but *Cornet*. The very Looking-glass gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging.

[Looking affectedly  
in the Glass.

*Madam.* Inteed, Matam, your Face pe hansomer den all de Look-ing-Glass in tee World, croyiez moy.

*Lady Fan.* But is it possible my Eyes can be so languishing — and so very full of Fire?

*Madam.* Matam, if de Glasf was Burning-glass, I believe your Eyes set de Fire in de House.

*Lady Fan.* You may take that Night-gown, *Madamoiselle*; get out of the Room, *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This Wench methinks does look so unsufferably ugly.

*Madam.* Every ting look ugly Matam, dat stand by your Latiship.

*Lady Fan.* No really, *Madamoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

*Madam.* Ah Matam; de Moon have no Eclat, ven de Sun appear.

*Lady Fan.* O pretty Expression! Have you ever been in Love, *Ma-damoiselle*?

*Madam.* Ouy, Matam.

[sighing.

*Lady Fan.* And were you belov'd again?

*Madam.* No Matam.

[sighing.

*Lady Fan.* O ye Gods! What an unfortunate Creature shou'd I be in such a Case! But Nature has made me nice for my own Defence; I'm nice, strangely nice, *Madamoiselle*; I believe were the Merit of whole Mankind bestow'd upon one single Person, I should still think the Fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him: And yet I cou'd love; nay fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, *Madamoiselle*; I'm only nice.

*Madam.* Ah Matam, I wish I was fine Gentleman for your sake. I do all de ting in de World to get leetel way into your Heart. I make Song, I make Verse, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Present to *Madamoiselle*; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang my self, I drown my self. Ah ma chere Dame, Que je vous aimerois.

*Lady Fan.* Well, the French have strange obliging ways with 'em; you may take those two pair of Gloves, *Madamoiselle*.

*Madam.* Me humbly tanke my sweet Lady.

*The Provok'd Wife.**Enter Cornet.*

*Cor.* Madam here's a Letter for your Ladiship by the Penny post.

*Lady Fan.* Some new Conquest, I'll warrant you. For without Vanity, I look'd extremely clear last night, when I went to the Park.

O agreeable ! Here's a new Song made of me. And ready set too. O thou welcome thing. [kissing it.] Call *Pipe* hither, she shall sing it instantly.

*Enter Pipe.*

Here, sing me this new Song, *Pipe.*

## SONG.

## I.

**F**ly, fly, you Happy Shepherds, fly ;  
 Avoid Philira's Charms ;  
 The Rigour of her Heart Denies  
 The Heaven that's in her Arms.  
 Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,  
 Nor yielding, to be blest :  
 Nature who form'd her Eyes of Fire,  
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

Yet,

# The Provok'd Wife.

II.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe  
A Slave whose Zeal you move :  
The Gods, alas, your Youth deceive ;  
The Heav'n consits in Love.  
In spite of all the Thanks you owe,  
You may reproach 'em this,  
That where they did their Form bestow  
They have deny'd their Bliss.

Lady Fan. Well, there may be Faults, *Madamoiselle*, but the Design is so very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchless Ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

Madam. Ma foy, Matam, I tink de Gentleman's Song tell you de trute. If you never Love, you never be Happy — Ah — que l'aime l'amour moy.

Enter Servant with another Letter.

Serv. Madam, here's another Letter for your Ladyship.

Lady Fan. 'Tis thus I am importun'd every Morning, *Madamoiselle*. Pray how do the French Ladies when they are thus Accablees?

Madam. Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire. When one *Frense Laty* have got hundred Lover — Den she do all she can — to get hundred more.

Lady Fan. Well, strike me dead, I think they have Le gout bon. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be ador'd by all the Men and envy'd by all the Women — Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneasy? But let me read my Letter. [Reads.]

' If You have a mind to hear of Your Faults, instead of being prais'd  
 ' for Your Virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green Walk in St.  
 ' James's with Your Woman an hour hence. You'll there meet one,  
 ' who hates You for some things, as he cou'd love You for others, and  
 ' therefore is willing to endeavour Your Reformation——If You come  
 ' to the Place I mention, You'll know who I am ; if You don't, You  
 ' never shall ; so take Your Choice.

This is strangely familiar, *Mademoiselle* ; now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this impudent Fellow is.

*Madam.* Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go to de Rendezvous. *De Frenſe Laty* do juſtement comme fa.

*Lady Fan.* Rendezvous ! What, rendezvous with a Man, *Mademoiselle*.

*Madam.* Eh, pourquoy non ?

*Lady Fan.* What, and a Man perhaps I never saw in my Life.

*Madam.* Tant mieux : c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

*Lady Fan.* Why, how do I know what Designs he may have. He may intend to ravish me for ought I know.

*Madam.* Ravish ? — Bagatelle. I would fain see one impudent Rogue ravish *Mademoiselle* ; Ouy, je le voudrois.

*Lady Fan.* O but my Reputation, *Mademoiselle*, my Reputation ; ah ma chere Reputation.

*Madam.* Matam——Quand on l'a une fois perdue——On n'en est plus embarassée.

*Lady Fan.* Fe *Mademoiselle*, Fe : Reputation is a Jewel.

*Madam.* Qui couté bien chere, Matam.

*Lady Fan.* Why sure you would not sacrifice your Honour to your Pleasure ?

*Madam.* Je suis Philosophe.

*Lady Fan.* Bleſſ me, how you talk ! Why, what if Honour be a Burden, *Mademoiselle*, must it not be born ?

*Madam.* Chaque un a sa façon——Quand quelque chose m' incommode moy——je m'en defais, Vite.

*Lady Fan.* Get you gone, you little naughty Frenchwoman you, I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

*Madam.* Turn me out doors ! —— turn your ſelf out of doors, and go ſee what de Gentleman have to ſay to you——Tenez. Voila [giving her her things hafſtily] voſtre Eſharpe, voila voſtre Quoite, voila voſtre Maſque, voila tout.

Hey, Mercure, Coquin ; Call one Chiar for Matam, and one oder [calling within] for me, Va t'en vite. [Turning to her

*Lady,* and helping her on hafſtily with her things.  
Allons,

Alons, Mātam ; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles Scruples.

*Lady Fan.* Well for once, *Madamoiselle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate Desire I have to know who this ill-bred Fellow is. But I have too much Delicatesse, to make a Practice on't.

*Madam.* Belle chose vraiment que la Delicatesse, lors qu'il s'agit dese devertir — a za — Vous voila equipee partons.

— He bien ? — qu'avez vous donc ?

*Lady Fan.* J'ay peur.

*Madam.* Je n'en ay point moy.

*Lady Fan.* I dare not go.

*Madam.* Demeurez donc.

*Lady Fan.* Je suis poltrone.

*Madam.* Tant pis pour vous.

*Lady Fan.* Curiosity's a wicked Devil.

*Madam.* Ce'st une charmante Sainte.

*Lady Fan.* It ruin'd our First Parents.

*Madam.* Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfans.

*Lady Fan.* L'honneur est contre.

*Madam.* Le plaisir est pour.

*Lady Fan.* Must I then go ?

*Madam.* Must you go ? — must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live ? De Nature bid you do one, de Nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.

*Lady Fan.* But when Reason corrects Nature, *Madamoiselle*.

*Madam.* Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa Sœur aisnee.

*Lady Fan.* Do you then prefer your Nature to your Reason, *Madamoiselle*.

*Madam.* Ouy da.

*Lady Fan.* Pourquoy ?

*Madam.* Because my Nature make me merry, my Reason make me mad.

*Lady Fan.* Ah la mechante Françoise.

*Madam.* Ah la belle Angloise

[Forcing her *Lady off*

*The End of the First Act.*

## ACT the Second.

SCENE, St. James's Park.

Enter *Lady Fanciful* and *Madamoiselle*.

*Lady Fan.* Well, I vow, *Madamoiselle*, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter *Heartfree*.

Look, there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him; he's a profess'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done.

*Madam.* Il nous approche, Madam.

*Lady Fan.* Yes, 'tis he: now will he be most intolerably Cavalier, tho' he should be in love with me.

*Heartf.* Madam, I'm your humble Servant: I perceive you have more Humility and Good Nature than I thought you had.

*Lady Fan.* What you attribute to Humility and Good Nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had Ill-manners enough to write that Letter. [Throwing him his Letter.]

*Heartf.* Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

*Lady Fan.* I am so, Sir: Good-b'y t'ye.

*Heartf.* Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Business, I han't done mine: By your Ladiship's leave, we must have one moments Prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest Woman about Town, or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent Question with you now, because you think you are so already.

*Lady Fan.* Pray, Sir, let me ask you a Question in my turn: By what right do you pretend to examine me?

*Heartf.* By the same right that the Strong govern the Weak, because I have you in my Power; for you cannot get so quickly to your Coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

*Lady Fan.* These are strange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree*.

*Heartf.* They are so, Madam, but there's no help for it; for know, that I have a Design upon you.

*Lady*

*Lady Fan.* Upon me, Sir!

*Heartf.* Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

*Lady Fan.* Very well, Sir.

*Heartf.* Let me see — Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any Woman's in the Town, let 't other be who she will; and my Indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now, cou'd you find the way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be satisfy'd; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable Terms.

*Lady Fan.* And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one should have so deprav'd an Appetite to desire it?

*Heartf.* Why Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it — you must lay me down — your Affection.

*Lady Fan.* My Affection, Sir!

*Heartf.* Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

*Lady Fan.* You grow rude, Sir. Come, *Mademoiselle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

*Madam.* Alons, alons, alons.

*Heartf.* [stopping 'em] Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

*Lady Fan.* What mean you, Sir?

*Heartf.* I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

*Lady Fan.* Ungrateful! To who?

*Heartf.* To Nature.

*Lady Fan.* Why, what has Nature done for me?

*Heartf.* What you have undone by Art. It made you handsome; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a Fault, Wit enough to make 'em relish; and so turn'd you loose to your own Discretion; which has made such work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jest of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected Convulsion; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers ends, are directed never to move without some ridiculous Air or other; and your Language is a suitable Trumpet, to draw Peoples Eyes upon the Raree-show.

*Madam.* [aside] Est ce qu'on fais l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?

*Lady Fan.* [aside] Now cou'd I cry for Madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

*Heartf.* Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth; but that's because you don't believe it is so; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own sake. But 'tis as hard to persuade a Woman;

man to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to see a Fault in his own Play.

*Lady Fan.* Every Circumstance of nice Breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to good Manners.

*Heartf.* But suppose I cou'd find the means to convince you, that the whole World is of my Opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you persevere in your Folly, that they may continue in their Mirth.

*Lady Fan.* Sir, tho' you and all that World you talk of, shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me, I don't know how to behave my self, I shou'd still have Charity enough for my own Understanding, to believe my self in the right, and all you in the wrong.

*Madam.* Le voila mort.

[*Excuse Lady Fanciful  
and Madamoiselle.*]

*Heartf.* [gazing after her.] There her single Clapper has publish'd the sense of the whole Sex.

Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Blackamoor white; but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honesty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

*Enter Constant.*

*Morrow, Constant.*

*Conſt.* Good morrow, *Jack*; What are you doing here this Morning.

*Heartf.* Doing! guess if thou canſt.

Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my *Lady Fanciful*, that she's the fooliſteſt Woman about Town.

*Conſt.* A pretty Endeavour truly.

*Heartf.* I have told her in as plain English as I could speak, both what the Town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta*.

*Conſt.* And how does she take it?

*Heartf.* As Children do Pills; bite 'em, but can't swallow 'em.

*Conſt.* But prithee, what has put it into your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

*Heartf.* Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with my self. And another was, that as little as I care for Women, I cou'd not see with Patience one that Heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make her self the *Jack Pudding* of the Creation.

*Conſt.*

Conf. Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel Mistress make the self-same use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of a Disease that makes me so very uneasie ; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree*.

Heartf. And why do you let the Devil govern you ?

Conf. Because I have more Flesh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Mistress, 'dsdeath ! that so genteel a Woman should be a Saint, when Religion's out of fashion !

Heartf. Nay, she's much in the wrong truly ; but who knows how far Time and good Example may prevail ?

Conf. O ! they have play'd their Parts in vain already : 'Tis now two Years since that damn'd Fellow her Husband invited me to his Wedding ; and there was the first time I saw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever since, more than e'er a Martyr did his Soul ; but she's cold, my Friend, still cold as the Northern Star.

Heartf. So are all Women by Nature, which makes 'em so willing to be warm'd.

Conf. O, don't profane the Sex ; prithee think 'em all Angels for her sake, for she's virtuous even to a Fault.

Heartf. A Lover's Head is a good accountable thing truly ; he adores his Mistress for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her, because she won't be lewd.

Conf. Well, the only Relief I expect in my Mifery, is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as my self, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my Misfortunes.

Heartf. That day will never come, be assur'd, Ned : Not but that I can pass a Night with a Woman, and for the time, perhaps, make my self as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddess, what you please ; but here's the difference 'twixt you and I ; I persuade a Woman she's an Angel, and she persuades you she's one.

Prithee let me tell you how I avoid falling in love ; that which serves me for Prevention, may chance to serve you for a Cure.

Conf. Well, use the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heartf. That using 'em moderately undoes us all ; but I'll use 'em justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with.

I always consider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoemaker, the Tirewoman, the Sempstress, and (which is more than all that, the Poet makes her ; but I consider her as pure Nature has contriv'd her, and that more strictly than I should have done our old Grandmother Eve, had I seen her naked in the Garden ; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetousness, Indiscretion, but above all things, Malice ; Plots eternally a forging, to destroy one anothers Reputations, and as honestly to charge the Levity.

Levity of Men's Tongues with the Scandal ; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with 'em, with no other intent but to use 'em like Dogs when they have done ; a constant Desire of doing more Mischief, and an everlasting War wag'd against Truth and Good Nature.

*Conſt.* Very well, Sir ; an admirable Comioposition truly.

*Heartf.* Then for her Out-side, I consider it merely as an Out-side ; She has a thin Tiffany Covering, over just such stuff as you and I are made on.

As for her Motion, her Mien, her Airs, and all those Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your Mistress at a Coronation dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her State and Infolence about her, twou'd strike you with all the awful Thoughts that Heaven it self could pretend to from you ; whereas I turn the whole matter into a Jest, and suppose her strutting in the self-same stately manner, with nothing on but her Stays, and her under scanty quilted Petticoat.

*Conſt.* Hold thy prophane Tongue, for I'll hear no more.

*Heartf.* What, you'll love on then ?

*Conſt.* Yes, to Eternity.

*Heartf.* Yet you have no Hopes at all.

*Conſt.* None.

*Heartf.* Nay, the Resolution may be discreet enough ; perhaps you have found out some new Philosophy, That Love's like Virtue, its own Reward : So you and your Mistress will be as well content at a Distance, as others that have less Learning are in coming together.

*Conſt.* No ; but if she shou'd prove kind at laſt, my dear *Heart-free.* [Embracing him.]

*Heartf.* Nay, prithee don't take me for your Mistress, for Lovers are very troublesome.

*Conſt.* Well, who knows what Time may do ?

*Heartf.* And just now he was ſure Time could do nothing.

*Conſt.* Yet not one kind Glance in two Years, is ſomewhat ſtrange.

*Heartf.* Not strange at all ; ſhe don't like you, that's all the buſi-  
neſſeſt.

*Conſt.* Prithee don't distract me.

*Heartf.* Nay, you are a good handsome young Fellow, ſhe might uſe you better : Come, will you go ſee her ? Perhaps ſhe may have chang'd her mind ; there's ſome Hopes as long as ſhe's a Woman.

*Conſt.* O, 'tis in vain to visit her : Sometimes to get a ſight of her, I visit that Beast her Husband, but ſhe certainly finds ſome Pretence to quit the Room as ſoon as I enter.

Heartf. It's much she don't tell him you have made Love to her too; for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst Women, in which they have several Ends.

Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security.

Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it should be so. But most commonly 'tis to engage two Men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the Business, they cry, Poor Fellow! he had ill Luck — And so they go to Cards.

Conſt. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou dost fall into their hands —

Heartf. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em.

O ho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heartf. Your humble Servant, Sir John.

Sir Job. Servant Sir.

Heartf. How does all your Family?

Sir Job. Pox o' my Family.

Conſt. How does your Lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir Job. Do! I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday: I han't been at home to night.

Conſt. What, were you out of Town?

Sir Job. Out of Town! no, I was drinking.

Conſt. You are a true Englishman; don't know your own Happiness: If I were married to such a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in France.

Sir Job. Not from her! — Oons — what a time shou'd a Man have of that!

Heartf. Why, there's no Division, I hope?

Sir Job. No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worse; a Pox of the Parson — Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the Devil to you.

Heartf. Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

Sir Job. No, I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honest.

Heartf. And what will make her keep her Religion?

Sir Job. Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

Heartf. Have a care, Knight, Women are tender things.

Sir Job. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their Hearts.

## The Provok'd Wife.

Conſt. Fie, fie; you have one of the best Wives in the World, and yet you ſee m the moſt uneaſie Husband.

Sir Job. Best Wives! —— the Woman's well enough, ſhe has no Vice that I know of, but ſhe's a Wife, and —— damn a Wife; if I were married to a Hogshead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Hearf. Why did you marry then? you were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir Job. Why did I marry! I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and ſhe would not let me.

Hearf. Why did you not ravish her?

Sir Job. Yes, and ſo have hedg'd my ſelf into forty Quarrels with her Relations, beſides buying my Pardon: But more than all that, you muſt know, I was afraid of being damn'd in thoſe days; for I kept ſneaking cowarſly Company, Fellows that went to Church, ſaid Grace to their Meat, and had not the leaſt Tincture of Quality about 'em.

Hearf. But I think you are got into a better Gang now.

Sir Job. Zoons, Sir, my Lord Rake and I are Hand and Glove, I believe we may get our Bones broke together to night; Have you a mind to ſhare a Frolick?

Conſt. Not I truly; my Talent lies to softer Exercises.

Sir Job. What, a Down-Bed and a Strumpet?

A pox of Venery, I ſay.

Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

Conſt. I can't drink to day, but we'll come and ſit an hour with you if you will.

Sir Job. Phugh, Pox, ſit an hour!

Why can't you drink?

Conſt. Because I'm to ſee my Miftrefs.

Sir Job. Who's that?

Conſt. Why, do you uſe to tell?

Sir Job. Yes.

Conſt. So won't I. for I might tell on myself, and I'll not

Sir Job. Why?

Conſt. Because 'tis a Secret.

Sir Job. Would my Wife knew it, 'twou'd be no Secret long.

Conſt. Why? do you think ſhe can't keep a Secret?

Sir Job. No more than ſhe can keep Lent.

Hearf. Prithee tell it her to try, Conſtant.

Sir Job. No, prithee don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Conſt. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir Job. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Conſt. Which way?

Sir Job.

Sir Job. Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heartf. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Conſt. But do you think, Sir —

Sir Job. Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret are the two impertinentest Themes in the Universe. Therefore pray let's hear no more of my Wife nor your Mistrefs, Damn 'em both with all my Heart, and every thing else that daggles a Petticoat, except four generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the head of 'em, who were drunk with my Lord Rake and I ten times in a Fortnight.

[Exit Sir John.

Conſt. Here's a dainty fellow for you! And the veriest Coward too. But his usage of his Wife makes me ready to stab the Villain,

Heartf. Lovers are short-sighted: All their Senses run into that of Feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant, 'tis his ill usage of her; for Women will do more for Revenge than they'll do for the Gospel.

Prithee take heart, I have great hopes for you, and since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining Lover is the damn't Companion upon Earth.

Conſt. My dear Friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with Joy.

Heartf. Pray no melting yet: let things go farther first. This Afternoon perhaps we shall make some advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Locket's*, and let Hope get you a Stomach.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E, *Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter *Lady Fancyful, and Madamoiselle.*

*Lady Fan.* Did you ever see any thing so importune, *Madamoiselle*?

*Madam.* Indeed Matam, to say de trute, he wanted leetel good breeding.

*Lady Fan.* Good breeding! He wants to be can'd, *Madamoiselle*: an insolent Fellow!

And yet let me expose my Weakness, 'tis the only Man on Earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well; did Men but know how deep an Impression a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's Heart, they wou'd reduce all their Studies to that of Good breeding alone.

*Enter Cornet.*

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. Treble. He has brought home the Verses your Ladyship made, and gave him to set.  
*Lady Fan.* O let him come in by all means.  
 Now, Madamoiselle, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

*Enter Treble.*

So, Mr. Treble, you have set my little Dialogue?

Treb. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyship will be pleased with it.

*Lady Fan.* O, no doubt on't; for really Mr. Treble, you set all things to a wonder: But your Music is in particular heavenly, when you have my Words to cloath in't.

Treb. Your Words themselves, Madam, have so much Music in 'em, they inspire me.

*Lady Fan.* Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. Treble; but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You shall, Madam.

### A SONG, to be sung between a Man and a Woman.

M. **A** H Lovely Nymph, the World's on fire:

*A* Veil, veil those cruel Eyes.

W. The World may then in Flames expire,

And boast that so it dies.

M. But when all Mortals are destroy'd,

Who then shall sing your Praise?

W. Those who are fit to be employ'd:

The Gods shall Altars raise.

*Treb.* How do's your Ladyship like it, Madam?

*Lady Fan.* Rapture, Rapture, Mr. Treble, I'm all Rapture. O Wit and Art, what Power have you when join'd! I must needs tell you the Birth of this little Dialogue, Mr. Treble. It's Father was a Dream,

Dream, and it's Mother was the Moon. I dreamt that by an unanimous Vote, I was chosen Queen of that pale World. And that the first time I appear'd upon my Throne—— all my Subjects fell in Love with me. Just then I wak'd, and seeing Pen, Ink, and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I slid into my Morning-Gown, and writ this *in promptu*.

Treb. So I guess the Dialogue, Madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty, and your first Minister of State.

Lady Fan. Just : He as Minister advises me to trouble my head about the Welfare of my Subjects ; which I as Sovereign find a very impertinent Proposal. But is the Town so dull, Mr. Treble, it affords us never another new Song ?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but yesterday, if your Ladyship pleases to let Mr. Pipe sing it.

Lady Fan. By all means. Here Pipe, make what Music you can of this Song, here.

### SONG.

**N**O T an Angel dwells above  
Half so fair as her I love,  
Heaven knows how she'll receive me :  
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed ;  
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed ;  
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

### II.

None can love her more than I,  
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.

If my Flame can never warm her ;  
Lasting Beauty I'll adore,  
I shall never love her more,  
Cruelty will so deform her.

Lady Fan. Very well : This is Heartfree's Poetry without question.

Treb. Won't your Ladyship please to sing your self this Morning ?

Lady Fan. O Lord, Mr. Treble, my Cold is still so barbarous to refuse me that Pleasure ; He he hem

Treb.

Treb. I'm very sorry for it, Madam : Methinks all Mankind shou'd turn Physicians for the Cure on't.

*Lady Fan.* Why truly, to give Mankind their due ; there's few that know me, but have offer'd their Remedy.

*Treb.* They have reason, Madam; for I know no body sings so near  
a Cherubin as your Ladiship.

*Lady Fan.* What I do I owe chiefly to your Skill and Care, Mr. Treble. People do flatter me indeed that I have a Voice, and a Je ne saurai quoi in the Conduct of it, that will make Music of any thing. And truly I begin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other night: Wou'd you think it, Mr. Treble; walking pretty late in the Park (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr. Treble) A Whim took me to sing Chevy-Chace, and wou'd you believe it? Next morning I had three Copies of Verses, and six Billet-doux at my Levee upon it.

Treb. And without all dispute you deserv'd as many more, Madam.  
Are there any further Commands for your Ladiship's humble Servant?

*Lady Fan.* Nothing more at this time, Mr. Treble. But I shall expect you here every Morning for this Month, to sing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you for your pains.

Treb. O Lord, Madam——

Lady Fan. Good morrow, sweet Mr. Treble.

*Treb.* Your Ladiship's most obedient Servant.

[Exit Treb.]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Will your Ladiship please to dine yet?

Lady Fan. Yes, let 'em serve. Sure this Heartfree has bewitch'd me *Mademoiselle*. You can't imagine how odly he mixt himself my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thousand polish'd. Don't you think so?

[Exit Serv.

Madam. Matam, I tink it so great pity, dat if I was in your Ladi-  
ship place, I take him home in my House, I lock him up in my Clo-  
set, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Laty  
expect from fine Gentleman.

*Lady Fan.* Why truly I believe I shou'd soon subue his Brutality; for without doubt, he has a strange Penchant to grow fond of me, in spite of his Aversion to the Sex, else he would ne'er have taken so much Pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor Creatures be of such a Conquest? But I alas, I don't know how to receive as a Favour, what I take to be so infinitely my Due. But what shall I do to new-mould him, *Mademoiselle?* for till then he's my utter aversion.

*Madam.* Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de redicule all he say and all he do.

*Lady Fan.* Why truly, Satyr has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill manners. Besides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, *Madamoiselle* — Give me the Pen and Ink — I find my self whimsical — I'll write to him!

— Or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon } him that way. } *Sitting down to write*  
} *Rising up again.*

— Yet Active Severity is better than Pas- } five. } *Sitting down.*

— 'Tis as good let it alone too ; for every } Lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a } Favour. } *Rising.*

— Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much Satyr } shou'd be lost. } *Sitting.*

— But if it shou'd have a wrong effect upon } him, 'twou'd distract me. } *Rising.*

— Well, I must write tho' after all. } *Sitting.*

— Or I'll let it alone, which is the same } thing. } *Rising.*

*Madam.* La voila determinee. [Exeunt.]

### *The End of the Second Act.*

A C T

## A C T the Third.

SCENE opens. Sir John, Lady Brute, and Belinda rising from the Table.

Sir Job. **H**ERE; take away the things; I expect Company. But first bring me a Pipe; I'll smoak. [To a Servant.

Lady B. Lord, Sir John, I wonder you won't leave that nasty Custom.

Sir Job. Prithee don't be impertinent.

Bel. to Lady B. I wonder who those are he expects this Afternoon?

Lady B. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis Constant, he comes here sometimes; if it does prove him, I'm resolv'd I'll share the Visit.

Bel. We'll send for our Work and sit here.

Lady B. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. Lovewell.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Madam.

Lady B. Here; bring my Cousin's Work and mine hither.

[Exit Lovew. and re-enters with their Work.

Sir Job. Whu, Pox, can't you work somewhere else?

Lady B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe will make you too thoughtful, Uncle, if you were left alone; our prattle will cure your Spleen.

Sir Job. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it,

[sitting and smoaking.]

I shall take my own House for a Paper-mill.

Lady B. to Bel. aside.] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir Job. A Woman's Tongue a Cure for the Speen— Oons—  
aside] If a Man had got the Head-ach, they'd be for applying the same Remedy.

Lady B. You have done a great deal, Bellinda, since yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

Lady B. O, 'tis the prettiest Fringe in the World. Well, Cousin, you have the happiest Fancy. Prithee advise me about altering my Crimson Petticoat.

Sir Job.

Sir Job. A Pox o' your Petticoat ; here's such a Prating, a Man can't digest his own Thoughts for you.

Lady B. Don't answer him.

Well, what do you advise me ?

[Aside.]

Bel. Why really I would not alter it at all.

Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady B. Ay, that's true : But you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the World, when one has had 'em long.

Sir Job. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little ?

Lady B. With all my heart.

Bellinda, Don't you long to be Marry'd ?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it I could like well enough.

Lady B. What do you think you shou'd dislike ?

Bel. My Husband, a hundred to one else.

Lady B. O ye wicked Wretch : Sure you don't speak as you think.

Bel. Yes, I do ; especially if he smoak'd Tobacco. [He looks earnestly at 'em.]

Lady B. Why that many times takes off worse Smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill indeed.

Lady B. So some Men will, to keep their Wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then those Wives should Cuckold 'em at a distance.

[He rises in a fury, throws his Pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off, Constant and Heartfree enter. Lady B. runs against Constant.]

Sir Job. Oons, Get you gone up Stairs, you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll Cuckold you with a vengeance.

Lady B. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, Dear Mr. Constant, save us. [Exeunt.]

Sir Job. I'll Cuckold you, with a Pox.

Const. Heav'n's ! Sir Jobn, what's the matter ?

Sir Job. Sure, if Women had been ready created, the Devil, instead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been Marry'd.

Heartf. Why, what new Plague have you found now ?

Sir Job. Why these two Gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this Afternoon ; upon which, they presently resolv'd to take up the Room, o' purpose to plague me and my Friends.

Const. Was that all ? Why, we shou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir Job. Then I should have been weary of your's : For I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking Tobacco too ; and said, Men stunk. But I have a good mind — to say something.

Conf. No, nothing against the Ladies, pray.

Sir Job. Split the Ladies. Come, will you sit down? Give us some Wine, Fellow: You won't smoak.

Conf. No, nor drink neither at this time, I must ask your pardon.

Sir Job. What, this Mistress of yours runs in your head; I'll warrant it's some such squeamish Minx as my Wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a Dirty Shirt.

Heartf. That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir Job. Pox o' the Women, let's drink. Come, you shall take one Glass, tho' I send for a Box of Lozenges to sweeten your Mouth after it.

Conf. Nay, if one Glass will satisfie you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expence.

Sir Job. Why that's honest. Fill some Wine, Sirrah: So, Here's to you, Gentlemen — A Wife's the Devil. To your being both married.

[They drink.]

Heartf. O your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sir Job. Well; how do you like my Wine?

Conf. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heartf. 'Tis admirable.

Sir Job. Then give us t'other Glass.

Conf. No, pray excuse us now: We'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir Job. This one Glass, and no more. Come: It shall be your Mistress's Health: And that's a great Compliment from me, I assure you.

Conf. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the Glasses.

Sir Job. So: Let her live. [Sir John Coughs in the Glass.]

Heartf. And be kind.

Conf. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir Job. If I had Love enough to be Jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill Omen: For I never drank my Wife's Health in my Life, but I puk'd in the Glass.

Conf. O she's too Virtuous, to make a reasonable Man Jealous.

Sir Job. Pox of her Virtue. If I cou'd but catch her Adulterating, I might be Divorc'd from her by Law.

Heartf. And so pay her a yearly Pension, to be a distinguisht Cuckold.

#### *Enter Servants.*

Sir, There's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other Gentlemen at the *Blue-Pots*, desire your Company.

Sir Job. Cod's so, we are to consult about playing the Devil to Night.

Heartf.

*Heartf.* Well, we won't hinder business.

*Sir Job.* Methinks I don't know how to leave you tho'. But for once I must make bold. Or look you : may be the Conference mayn't last long : So if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour ; if I don't come then — why then — I won't come at all.

*Heartf.* to *Conſt.*] A good modest Proposition truly. [Aside.]

*Conſt.* But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen ?

*Heartf.* Well, Sir, to shew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

*Sir Job.* Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all : But Business, you know, must be done. So your Servant — Or hark you : If you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my Lord, I can easily introduce you.

*Conſt.* We are much beholding to you ; but for my part, I'm engaged another way.

*Sir Job.* What ? To your Mistress, I'll warrant. Prithee leave your nasty Punk to entertain her self with her own lewd Thoughts, and make one with us to Night.

*Conſt.* Sir, 'tis Busines that is to employ me.

*Heartf.* And me ; and Busines must be done, you know.

*Sir Job.* Ay ; Womens Busines, tho' the World were consum'd for't. [Exit *Sir Joh.*]

*Conſt.* Farewell, Beast : And now, my Dear Friend, wou'd my Mistress be but as Complaisant as some Mens Wives, who think it a piece of good Breeding to receive the Visits of their Husband's Friends in his Absence.

*Heartf.* Why for your sake I could forgive her, tho' she should be so Complaisant to receive something else in his absence. But what way shall we invent to see her ?

*Conſt.* O ne'er hope it : Invention will prove as vain as Wishes.

Enter *Lady Brute* and *Bellinda*.

*Heartf.* What do you think now, Friend ?

*Conſt.* I think I shall Swoon.

*Heartf.* I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch breath.

*Lady B.* We think our selves oblig'd, Gentlemen, to come and return you Thanks for your Knight-Errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the Fiery Dragon.

*Bel.* Did not his Fumes almost knock you down, Gentlemen ?

*Heartf.* Truly, Ladies, we did undergo some Hardships ; and should have done more, if some greater Hero's than our selves hard by had not diverted him.

*Conf.* Tho' I'm glad of the Service, you are pleas'd to say we have done you ; yet I'm sorry we cou'd do it no other way, than by making our selves privy, to what you wou'd perhaps have kept a secret.

*Lady B.* For Sir John's part, I suppose he design'd it no Secret, since he made so much Noise. And for my self, truly I am not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's hands and your's ; who, I have many Reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

*Conf.* Your good Opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

*Lady B.* Your Fears were vain then, Sir ; for I am just to everybody.

*Heartf.* Prithee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions ; for I'm a Novice at it ?

*Bel.* Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you ?

*Heartf.* Yes, that I will with all my Soul, Madam.

*Bel.* Why then you must never be slovenly, never be out of humour, farewell and cry Roast-meat ; smoak Tobacco, nor drink but when you are a-dry.

*Heartf.* That's hard.

*Conf.* Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

*Bel.* Why, is it possible the Gentleman can love Drinking ?

*Heartf.* Only by way of Antidote.

*Bel.* Against what, pray ?

*Heartf.* Against Love, Madam.

*Lady B.* Are you afraid of being in Love, Sir ?

*Heartf.* I shou'd, if there were any danger of it.

*Lady B.* Pray, why so ?

*Heartf.* Because I always had an aversion to being us'd like a Dog.

*Bel.* Why truly, Men in Love are seldom us'd better.

*Lady B.* But was you never in Love, Sir ?

*Heartf.* No, I thank Heav'n, Madam.

*Bel.* Pray where got you your Learning then ?

*Heartf.* From other Peoples Expence.

*Bel.* That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is scarce honest : If you'd buy some Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you..

*Enter Footman.*

*Footm.* Madam, here's my Lady Fanciful, to wait upon your Ladi-ship.

*Lady B.*

Lady B. Shield me, kind Heav'n : What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us !

Enter Lady Fanciful, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing 'em.

Lady Fan. My Dear Lady Brute, and sweet Bellinda ! methinks 'tis an Age since I saw you.

Lady B. Yet 'tis but three Days ; sure you have pass'd your Time very ill, it seems so long to you.

Lady Fan. Why really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the Addresses of Unfortunate Gentlemen ; that were it not for the extravagancy of the Example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both my self and Mankind easie. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful Adviser ?

Heartf. Why truly, Madam — I think — every Project that is for the Good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

Lady Fan. Then I have your Consent, Sir.

Heartf. To do whatever you please, Madam.

Lady Fan. You had a much-more limited Complaisance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies ? The Gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two 'em.

Conſt. Why truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be something familiar with the Ladies.

Lady Fan. He is indeed, Sir ; but he's wondrous charitable with it : He has had the Goodness to design a Reformation, ev'n down to my Fingers-ends.

— 'Twas thus, I think, Sir, yould have had 'em stand — My Eyes too he did not like : How was't you would have directed 'em ? Thus I think.

{ Opening her Fingers  
in an awkward  
manner.

[ Staring at him.

— Then there was something amiss in my Gate too : I don't know well how 'twas ; but, as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may see you — He's sullen, Ladies, and won't : But, to make short, and give you a true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have moulded me to : But I was an obstinate Woman, and could not resolve to make my self Mistress of his Heart, by growing as awkward as his Fancy.

{ She walks awkwardly about, staring  
and looking ungainly, then changes  
on a sudden to the extremity of her  
usual Affection.

Heartf.

*Heartf.* Just thus Women do, when they think we are in Love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

*Lady Fan.* 'Twould however be less Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

*Heartf.* Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is, That if I were in Love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

*Lady Fan.* Not by Over-fondness, upon my Word, Sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by Instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

*Bel. (Aside)* Now I am sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her Jealous.

Well, for my part, I should be glad to find some-body would be so free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

*Lady Fan.* Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be Surety for him, That upon a very limited Encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended Impudence on his.

*Heartf.* I thank you, Madam, for your Recommendation: But hating Idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into Place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your Ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant Employment.

*Lady Fan.* I told you he'd be rude, *Bellinda*.

*Bel.* O, a little Bluntness is a sign of Honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other Exceptions to my Service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list your self: I shall find you Work, I warrant you.

*Heartf.* Upon those Terms I engage, Madam; and this (with your leave) I take for Earnest. [Offering to kiss her Hand.]

*Bel.* Hold there, Sir; I'm none of your Heart-givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good Wages, and pay punctually.

*Lady Fan. (Aside)* I don't like this Jesting between 'em — Methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in Earnest — but then he must be a Fool indeed.

— Lard, what a difference there is between me and her. { Looking at Bel. scornfully.

How I should despise such a thing, if I were a Man!

— What a Nose she has — What a Chin — What a Neck — Then her Eyes — And the worst Kissing Lips in the Universe — No, no, he can never like her, that's positive. — Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer.

*Mr. Heartfree,* Do you know that you and I must have no Quarrel for all

all this. I can't forbear being a little severe now and then. But Women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

*Heartf.* Up to a certain age, Madam.

*Lady Fan.* Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

*Heartf.* [aside] Nor never will, I dare swear.

*Lady Fan.* to *Lady B.* Come Madam; will your Ladiship be Witness to our Reconciliation?

*Lady B.* You agree then at last.

*Heartf.* [slightly] We forgive.

*Lady Fan.* [aside] That was a cold ill-natur'd Reply.

*Lady B.* Then there's no Challenges sent between you?

*Heartf.* Not from me I promise [Aside to Constant.] But that's more than I'll do for her, for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

*Const.* That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

*Heartf.* With all my heart.

*Const.* Ladies, we are your humble Servants. I see Sir John is quite engag'd, 'twou'd be in vain to expect him. Come *Heartfree.*

[Exit.]

*Heartf.* Ladies, your Servant. [To Belinda.] I hope, Madam, you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to say what I please to you.

[Exit *Heartfree.*]

*Bel.* Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

*Lady Fan.* [aside] Very pretty truly —— But how the Blockhead went out: Languishing at her; and not a Look toward me — Well, Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude Fellow as he, and such a little Impertinent as she, shou'd be capable of making a Woman of my Sphere uneasie.

But I can bear her sight no longer —— methinks she's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet.*

I must home and study Revenge.

To *Lady B.*] Madam, your humble Servant; I must take my leave.

*Lady B.* What, going already, Madam?

*Lady Fan.* I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen Visits to return this afternoon: So you see I'm importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

*Bel.* [aside] And she quits with them both.

*Lady Fan.* [going] Nay, you shan't go one step out of the Room.

*Lady B.* Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

*Lady Fan.* No, sweet Lady Brute, you know I swoon at Ceremony.

*Lady B.* Pray give me leave.

*Lady Fan.* You know I won't:

*Lady B.*

Lady B. Indeed I must.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't.

[Exit Lady Fan. running. They follow.

Re-enter Lady Brute, sola.

This impertinent Woman has put me out of Humour for a Fortnight — What an agreeable Moment has her foolish Visit interrupted — Lord, how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart, when once the Sluce of Desire is open'd ! Good Gods ! What a Pleasure there is in doing what we should not do !

Re-enter Constant.

Ha ! here again ?

Conſt. Tho' the renewing my Visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your Pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, left the Lady who was here shou'd have been as malicious in her Remarks, as she's foolish in her Conduct.

Lady B. He who has Discretion enough to be tender of a Woman's Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many Faults.

Conſt. If it has a Title to atone for any, its Pretensions must needs be strongest, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the Attempt I have made upon your Heart, since my Enterprize has been a Secret to all the World but your self.

Lady B. Secrecy indeed in Sins of this kind, is an Argument of Weight to lessen the Punishment ; but nothing's a Plea, for a Pardon entire, without a sincere Repentance.

Conſt. If Sincerity in Repentance consists in Sorrow for Offending, no Cloyster ever inclosed so true a Penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckoned an Offence to Love, where 'tis a Duty to adore :

Lady B. 'Tis an Offence, a great one, where it wou'd rob a Woman of all she ought to be ador'd for ; her Virtue.

Conſt. Virtue ! — Virtue, alas, is no more like the thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like Vice it self. Virtue consists in Goodness, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity and Pity ; and not in peevish, snarling, straight-lac'd Chastity. True Virtue, wheresoe'er it moves, still carries an intrinſick Worth about it, and is in every Place, and in each Sex, of equal Value. So is not Continence, you see : That Phantome of Honour, which Men in every Age have so contemn'd, they have thrown it amongst the Women to scribble for.

Lady B.

*Lady B.* If it be a thing of so very little Value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

*Conſt.* We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to our ſelves; and to our Daughters, because we wou'd diſpoſe of 'em to others.

*Lady B.* 'Tis then of ſome importance, it ſeems, ſince you can't diſpoſe of 'em without it.

*Conſt.* That importance, Madam, lies in the Humor of the Country, not in the Nature of the thing.

*Lady B.* How do you prove that, Sir?

*Conſt.* From the Wiſdom of a Neighbouring Nation in a contrary Practice. In Monarchies things go by Whimſie, but Commonwealths weigh all things in the Scale of Reaſon.

*Lady B.* I hope we are not ſo very light a People to bring up Fashions without ſome ground.

*Conſt.* Pray what does your Ladifhip think of a powder'd Coat for deep Mourning?

*Lady B.* I think, Sir, your Sophiſtry has all the effect that you can reasonably expect it ſhould have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

*Conſt.* I'm ſorry for it.

*Lady B.* I'm ſorry to hear you ſay ſo.

*Conſt.* Pray why?

*Lady B.* Because if you expected more from it, you have a worse opinion of my Understanding than I desire you ſhould have.

*Conſt. [aſide.]* I comprehend her: She wou'd have me ſet a value upon her Chriftiſty, that I may think my ſelf the more oblig'd to her when ſhe makes me a Preſent of it.

*To her.]* I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like thoſe. I hope you'll have ſo favourable an opinion of my Understanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has worth enough with me, to paſs for an eternal Obligation where-e'er 'tis ſacrific'd.

*Lady B.* It is, I think, ſo great a one, as nothing can repay.

*Conſt.* Yes; the making the Man you love your everlasting Debtor.

*Lady B.* When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow very ſhy of their Creditors Company.

*Conſt.* That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Usurers, and not of a generous Friend. Let us chufe our Creditors, and we are ſeldom ſo ungrateful to ſhun 'em.

*Lady B.* What think you of Sir John, Sir? I was his free choice.

*Conſt.* I think he's marry'd, Madam.

*Lady B.* Do's Marriage then exclude Men from your Rule of Conſtancy?

*Conſt.* It do's. Conſtantcy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent,

that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor sordid Slavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tide of Honour, and sinks us to the lowest ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil ; Ill Nature, Avarice, Sloath, Cowardice and Dirt are all its product.

*Lady B.* Have you no Exceptions to this general Rule, as well as to t'other.

*Conſt.* Yes : I wou'd (after all) be an Exception to it my ſelf, if you were free in Power and Will, to make me ſo.

*Lady B.* Complements are well plac'd, where 'tis imposſible to lay hold on 'em.

*Conſt.* I wou'd to Heaven 'twere poſſible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might ſee it is no Complement at all. But ſince you are al-ready dispos'd on beyond Redemption, to one who does not know the value of the Jewel you have put into his hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it ſhou'd ſometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

*Lady B.* If looking on't alone wou'd ſerve his turn, the wrong per-haps might not be very great.

*Conſt.* Why what if he ſhould wear it now and then a Day, ſo he gave good Security to bring it home again at night ?

*Lady B.* Small Security I fancy might ſerve for that. One might venture to take his word.

*Conſt.* Then where's the Injury to the Owner ?

*Lady B.* 'Tis Injury to him if he think it one. For if Happiness be feated in the Mind, Unhappiness muſt be ſo too.

*Conſt.* Here I close with you, Madam, and draw my conculſive Ar-gument from your own Position : If the Injury lie in the Fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

*Lady B.* [going] A ſurer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Ar-guments in it's behalf.

*Conſt.* [following her] But, Madam——

*Lady B.* But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not ſuffer too long a Visit.

*Conſt.* [catching her Hand] By Heaven you ſhall not ſtir, till you give me hopes that I ſhall ſee you again at ſome more convenient Time and Place.

*Lady B.* I give you just hopes enough—— [breaking from him] to get loose from you ; and that's all I can afford you at this time.

[Exit running.

*Constant folas.*

Now by all that's great and good, ſhe's a charming Woman. In what Extasie of Joy ſhe has left me ! For ſhe gave me Hope ; Did ſhe not ſay ſhe gave me Hope —— Hope ? Ay ; what Hope —— enough

enough to make me let her go—Why that's enough in Conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke ; Hope was the Word : It came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree* ! Thou hast done me noble Service in prating to the young Gentlewoman without there ; come to my Arms, thou venerable Bawd, and let me squeeze thee [Embracing him eagerly] as a new pair of Stays do's a fat Country Girl, when she's carry'd to Court to stand for a Maid of Honour.

*Heartf.* Why, what the Devil's all this Rapture for ?

*Conf.* Rapture ! There's ground for Rapture, Man, there's Hopes, my *Heartfree*, hopes, my Friend.

*Heartf.* Hopes ? of what ?

*Conf.* Why, Hopes that my Lady and I together (for 'tis more than one bodies work) should make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

*Heartf.* Prithee what did she say to thee ?

*Conf.* Say ? what did she not say ? she said that — says she — she said — Zoons, I don't know what she said : But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her ; and so if thou'l go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy : Ill give all my Silver amongst the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door, say the Plenipo's have sign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England*'s grown honest.

[*Exeunt.*

**S C E N E opens : Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. at a Table, Drinking.**

*All. Huzza.*

*Lord R.* Come Boys, Charge again — So — Confusion to all Order. Here's Liberty of Conscience.

*All. Huzza.*

*Lord R.* I'll sing you a Song I made this Morning to this purpose.

*Sir Job.* 'Tis wicked, I hope.

*Col. B.* Don't my Lord tell you he made it ?

*Sir Job.* Well then, let's ha't.

Lord Rake sings.

## I.

**W**HAT a Pother of late  
Have they kept in the State  
About setting our Consciences free?  
A Bottle has more  
Dispensations in store,  
Than the King and the State can decree.

## II.

When my Head's full of Wine,  
I o'erflow with Design,  
And know no Penal Laws that can curb me.  
Whate'er I devise  
Seems good in my Eyes,  
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

## III.

No saucy Remorse  
Intrudes in my Course,  
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil:  
So there's Claret in store,  
In Peace I've my Whore,  
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

All sing. So there's Claret, &c.

Lord R. [Rep.] And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

Lord R. Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir Job. I wou'd not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Lord R. Then my Muse is to your taste.  
But drink away; the Night steals upon us; we shall want time to be

be lewd in. Hey Page, sally out, Sirrah, and see what's doing in the Camp ; we'll beat up their Quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordship an exact account.

[Exit Page.]

Lord R. Now let the Spirit of Clary go round.  
Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our Forlorn-hope.

Courage, Knight ; Victory attends you.

Sir Job. And Lawrels shall crown me. Drink away, and be damn'd.

Lord R. Again Boys ; t'other Glafs, and damn Morality.

Sir Job. [drunk] Ay —— damn Morality —— and damn the Watch.  
And let the Constable be married.

All. Huzza.

Re-enter Page.

Lord R. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah ?

Page. My Lord, it's Sunday-night, they are full of drunken Citizens.

Lord R. Along then Boys, we shall have a Feast.

Col. B. Along, Noble Knight.

Sir Job. Ay —— along Bully ; and he that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkenest Citizen of 'em all —— is a Liar, and the Son of a Whore.

Col. B. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born Englishman.

Sir Job. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an Englishman or a Frenchman ?

Col. B. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir ?

Sir Job. Zoons, I am angry, Sir —— for if I'm a free-born Englishman, what have you to do, even to talk of my Privileges ?

Lord R. Why, prithee Knight, don't quarrel here, leave private Animosities to be decided by Day-light, let the Night be employed against the publick Enemy.

Sir Job. My Lord, I respect you because you are a Man of Quality : But I'll make that Fellow know, I am within a hairs-breadth as absolute by my Privileges, as the King of France is by his Prerogative. He by his Prerogative takes Money where it is not his due ; I by my Privilege, refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and Property and Old England, Huzza.

[Exit Sir John reeling.]

All. Huzza.

all following him.

## SCENE, A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Lady B. Sure it's late, Belinda : I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near Twelve. Will you go to Bed ?

Lady B.

*Lady B.* To Bed, my dear? And by that time I'm fallen into a sweet Sleep (or perhaps a sweet Dream, which is better and better) Sir John will come home roaring drunk, and be over-joy'd he finds me in a condition to be disturbed.

*Bel.* O you need not fear him, he's in for all night. The Servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

*Lady B.* Nay, 'tis not very likely indeed, such suitable Company shou'd part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of Women!

*Bel.* And what Owls they are whilst they are fond of 'em!

*Lady B.* But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts.

*Bel.* We ought to do so indeed: But 'tis a hard matter.

For when a Man is really in Love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado to endure the sight of him. And this I take to be the Reason, why Lovers are so generally ill used.

*Lady B.* Well I own now, I'm well enough pleas'd to see a Man look like an Ass for me.

*Bel.* Ay, I'm pleas'd he shou'd look like an Ass too — That is, I'm pleas'd with my self for making him look so.

*Lady B.* Nay truly, I think if he'd find some other way to express his Passion, 'twou'd be more to his Advantage.

*Bel.* Yes; for then a Woman might like his Passion and him too.

*Lady B.* Yet, *Belinda*, after all, a Woman's Life would be but a dull business, if 'twere not for Men; and Men that can look like Asses too. We shou'd never blame Fate for the shortness of our days; our time would hang wretchedly upon our hands.

*Bel.* Why truly they do help us off with a good share on't. For were there no Men in the World, o' my Conscience, I shou'd be no longer a dressing than I'm a saying my Prayers. Nay, tho' it were Sunday: For you know that one may go to Church without Stays on.

*Lady B.* But don't you think Emulation might do something? For every Woman you see desires to be finer than her Neighbour.

*Bel.* That's only that the Men may like her better than her Neighbour. No; if there were no Men, adieu fine Petticoats, we shou'd be weary of wearing 'em.

*Lady B.* And adieu Plays, we should be weary of seeing 'em.

*Bel.* Adieu Hide-Park, the Dust wou'd choak us.

*Lady B.* Adieu St. James's, Walking wou'd tire us.

*Bel.* Adieu London, the Smoak wou'd stifle us.

*Lady B.* And adieu going to Church, for Religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

*Bob.* Ha ha ha ha ha.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Our Confession is so very Hearty, sure we merit Absolution.

*Lady B.* Not unless we go thro' with't, and confess all. So prithee, for the ease of our Consciences, let's hide nothing.

*Bel.* Agreed.

*Lady B.* Why then I confess, That I love to sit in the Fore-front of a Box. For if one sits behind, there's two Acts gone perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whispering and looking upon me, you must know I cannot for my Life forbear thinking they talk to my Advantage. And that sets a thousand little tickling Vanities on foot——

*Bel.* Just my Case for all the World ; but go on.

*Lady B.* I watch with Impatience for the next Jest in the Play, that I may laugh and shew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jest be long a coming, I pretend to whisper one to my Friend, and from thence fall into a little small Discourse, in which I take occasion to shew my Face in all Humours, Brisk, Pleas'd, Serious, Melancholy, Languishing — Not that what we say to one another causes any of these Alterations. But——

*Bel.* Don't trouble your self to explain : For if I'm not mistaken, you and I have had some of these necessary Dialogues before now, with the same Intention.

*Lady B.* Why, I'll swear, *Belinda*, some People do give strange agreeable Airs to their Faces in speaking.

Tell me true—— Did you never practise in the Glass ?

*Bel.* Why, did you ?

*Lady B.* Yes Faith, many a time.

*Bel.* And I too, I own it. Both how to speak my self, and how to look when others speak. But my Glass and I could never yet agree what Face I should make, when they come blurt out with a nasty thing in a Play : For all the Men presently look upon the Women, that's certain ; so laugh we must not, tho' our Stays burst for't ; because that's telling Truth, and owning we understand the Jest. And to look serious is so dull, when the whole House is a laughing.

*Lady B.* Besides, that looking serious does really betray our Knowledge in the matter, as much as laughing with the Company wou'd do. For if we did not understand the thing, we shou'd naturally do like other People.

*Bel.* For my part I always take that occasion to blow my Nose.

*Lady B.* You must blow your Nose half off then at some Plays.

*Bel.* Why don't some Reformer or other beat the Poet for't ?

*Lady B.* Because he is not so sure of our private Approbation as of our publick Thanks. Well, sure there is not upon Earth so impertinent a thing as Women's Modesty.

*Bel.* Yes ; Men's Fantasque, that obliges us to it.

If we quit our Modesty, they say we lose our Charms ; and yet they know that very Modesty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocrify.

*Lady B.* Thus one would think, 'twere a hard matter to please 'em, Niece. Yet our kind Mother Nature has given us something, that makes amends for all. Let our Weakness be what it will, Mankind will still be weaker ; and whilst there is a World, 'tis Woman that will govern it.

But prithee one word of poor *Constant* before we go to bed ; if it be but to furnish matter for Dreams ; I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, tho' it be in the middle of his Prayers.

*Bel.* So he ought, I think ; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance to day, Madam.

*Lady B.* Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfie any reasonable Woman : He has besieg'd me these two Years to no purpose.

*Bel.* And if he besieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough paid, so he had the plundering of you at last.

*Lady B.* That may be ; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer ; for, to confess the Truth to you, *Belinda*, the Garrison begins to grow mutinous.

*Bel.* Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

*Lady B.* Yet methinks I wou'd fain stay a little longer, to see you fix'd too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What think you if *Heartfree* shou'd have a months mind to you.

*Bel.* Why Faith I cou'd almost be in love with him, for despising that foolish affected Lady *Fanciful* ; but I'm afraid he's to cold ever to warm himself by my Fire.

*Lady B.* Then he deserves to be froze to death. Wou'd I were a Man, for your sake, my dear Rogue. [Kissing her.]

*Bel.* You'd wish your self a Woman again for your own, or the Men are mistaken.

But if I cou'd make a Conquest of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle ; what shou'd I do with him ? He has no Fortune ; I can't marry him ; and sure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication.

*Lady B.* Why, if you did, Child, 'twou'd be but a good friendly part ; if 'twere only to keep me in countenance whilst I commit — You know what.

*Bel.* Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps some other, as much to your satisfaction. But pray how shall we contrive to see these Blades again quickly ?

*Lady B.* We must e'en have recourse to the old way ; make 'em an appointment 'twixt jest and earnest, 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know's a very good thing to save a Woman's Blushes.

*Bel.* You

*Bel.* You advise well; but where shall it be?

*Lady B.* In *Spring-Garden*. But they shan't know their Women, till their Women pull off their Masques; for a Surprize is the most agreeable thing in the World: And I find my self in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

*Bel.* Then pray write 'em the necessary Billet, without farther Delay.

*Lady B.* Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilst you say your Prayers, I'll do it, Child [Exeunt.]

*The End of the Third Act.*

---

**A C T IV. SCENE, Covent-Garden.**

*Enter Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. with Swords drawn.*

*Lord R.* Is the Dog dead?

*Bully.* No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

*Lord R.* How the Witch his Wife howl'd!

*Bully.* Ay, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

*Lord R.* Appear, Knight, then; come, you have a good Cause to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

*Sir Job.* Is there? Then let his Ghost be satisfy'd: For I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently; and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

*Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.*

*Bully.* How now; What have we got here? A Thief?

*Taylor.* No, an't please you, I'm no Thief.

*Lord R.* That we'll see presently: Here; let the General examine him.

*Sir Job.* Ay, ay; let me examine him; and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty, in spite of his Teeth—for he looks—like a—sneaking Rascal.

Come Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them—I shall guess at your Morals.

*Taylor.* An't please you, I'm a Dissenting Journeyman Taylor.

*Sir Job.* Then Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade. And so, that your Punishment may be suitable to your Crimes—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

*Taylor.* Pray good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me; indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

*Sir Job.* No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

*Lord R.* Let me see what's in that Bundle.

*Taylor* An't please you, it's the Doctor of the Parish's Gown.

*Lord R.* The Doctor's Gown!—Heark you, Knight, you won't flick at abusing the Clergy, will you?

*Sir Job.* No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuse any thing——but my Wife; and her I name——with Reverence.

*Lord R.* Then you shall wear this Gown, whilst you charge the Watch. That tho' the Blows fall upon you, the Scandal may light upon the Church.

*Sir Job.* A generous Design——by all the Gods——give it me. [Takes the Gown and puts it on.]

*Taylor.* O dear Gentlemen, I shall be quite undone, if you take the Gown.

*Sir Job.* Retire, Sirrah; and since you carry off your Skin——go home, and be happy.

*Taylor.* [pausing] I think I had e'en as good follow the Gentleman's friendly Advice; for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the Whim may take him to Case me. These Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money; they'll sooner cut a Man's Throat, than pay his Bill. [Exit Taylor.]

*Sir Job.* So, how d'ye like my Shapes now?

*Lord R.* This will do to a Miracle; he looks like a Bishop going to the Holy War. But to your Arms, Gentlemen, the Enemy appears.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Watchman.* Stand! Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

*Sir Job.* The Constable's a Rascal——and you are the Son of a Whore.

*Watchman.* A good civil Answer for a Parson, truly.

*Constable.* Methinks, Sir, a Man of your Coat, might set a better Example.

*Sir Job.* Sirrah, I'll make you know——there are Men of my Coat can set as bad Examples——as you can do, you Dog you.

[*Sir John strikes the Constable. They knock him down, disarm him and seize him. Lord R. &c. run away.*]

*Constable.* So, we have secur'd the Parson however.

*Sir Job.* Blood and Blood——and Blood.

*Watchman.* Lord have mercy upon us: How the wicked Wretch raves of Blood. I'll warrant he has been murdering some body to Night.

*Sir Job.*

Sir Job. Sirrah, there's nothing got by Murder but a Halter : My Talent lies towards Drunkenness and Simony.

*Watchman.* Why that now was spoke like a Man of Parts, Neighbours : It's pity he shou'd be so disguis'd.

Sir Job. You Lye — I am not Disguis'd; for I am Drunk bare-faced.

*Watchman.* Look you there again — This is a mad Parson, Mr. Constable ; I'll lay a Pot of Ale upon's Head, he's a good Preacher.

*Constable.* Come Sir, out of Respect to your Calling, I shan't, put you into the Round-house; but we must Secure you in our Drawing-Room till Morning, that you may do no Mischief. So, Come along.

Sir Job. You may put me where you will, Sirrah, now you have overcome me — But if I can't do Mischief, I'll think of Mischief — in spite of your Teeth, you Dog you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE a Bed-Chamber.

*Enter Heartfree, solus.*

What the Plague ail's me? — Love? No, I thank you for that my Heart's Rock still —

Yet 'tis *Bellinda* that distrubs me ; that's positive.

— Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? at that rate, I might love all the Women I meet, I gad.

But hold? — tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may distract me, because I love her — Ay, that may be, faith.

I have dreamt of her, that's certain —

Well, so I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the purpose?

Ay, but *Bellinda* runs in my Mind waking —

And so do's many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a Farthing for — Methinks tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Business —

Well, am I the first Man, that has had a Mind to do an Impertinent thing?

*Enter Constant.*

*Conf.* How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and Dress'd so soon? I thought none but Lovers quarrel'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoaring, as I us'd to do.

*Heartf.* Why, faith Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all Night, how to bring your matter about with *Bellinda*.

*Conf.* With *Bellinda*?

*Heartf.* With my Lady, I mean: And faith I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her Behaviour to you yesterday?

*Conf.* So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears can make me doubt of Success. But what can this sudden Change proceed from?

*Heartf.* Why, you saw her Husband beat her, did you not?

*Conf.* That's true: A Husband is scarce to be born upon any terms, much less when he fights with his Wife. Methinks she shou'd e'en have Cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the Battle she was Master of the Field.

*Heartf.* A Council of War of Women wou'd infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a Woman as *Belinda* deserves better Usage.

*Conf.* *Belinda* again.

*Heartf.* My Lady, I mean: What a pox makes me blunder so to day? [aside] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

*Conf.* Prithee look upon me seriously, *Heartfree* —

Now answer me directly: Is it my Lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus?

*Heartf.* My Lady, or *Belinda*?

*Conf.* In Love; by this Light, in Love.

*Heartf.* In Love?

*Conf.* Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'l't do it so awkerdly, 'twill but make the Jest sit heavier about thee. My Dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

*Heartf.* Why prithee, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

*Conf.* That she's Mistress of your Tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together.

But how? but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha —

*Heartf.* Hey day: Why sure you don't believe it in earnest?

*Conf.* Yes I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

*Heartf.* Nay, but look you Ned — a — deny in jest — a — gadzooks, you know I say — a — when a Man denies a thing in jest — a —

*Conf.* Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Heartf.* Nay, then we shall have it: What, because a Man stumbles at a word: Did you never make a Blunder?

*Conf.* Yes, for I am in Love, I own it.

*Heartf.* Then, so am I —

Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth:  
But, dear *Confant*, don't tell the Town on't.

*Conf.* Nay then, 'twere almost pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a Confession.

[Embracing him.]

But

But tell us a little, Jack. By what new-invented Arms, has this mighty Stroak been given?

*Heartf.* E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd, *Je ne scai quoy*; For every thing that can come within the Virge of Beauty, I have seen it with Indifference.

*Conſt.* So in few Words then; the *Je ne scai quoy*, has been too hard for the Quilted Petticoat.

*Heartf.* I gad, I think the *Je ne scai quoy*, is in the Quilted Petticoat; at leaſt 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without—a—a *Je ne scai quoy* in every Part about me.

*Conſt.* Well, but have all your Remedies lost their Vertue? have you turn'd her In-side out yet?

*Heartf.* I dare not ſo much as think on't.

*Conſt.* But don't the two Years Fatigue, I have had, discourage you?

*Heartf.* Yes: I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like ſome Soldiers, whose Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature; On they go, tho' the Body trembles, at what the Soul makes it undertake.

*Conſt.* Nay, if you expect your Miftref will uſe you, as your Prophanations againſt her Sex deserve, you tremble justly.

But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

*Heartf.* Thou knowſt I'm but a Novice; be friendly and advise me.

*Conſt.* Why look you then; I'd have you — Serenade and a — write a Song — Go to Church; Look like a Fool — Be very Officious: Ogle, Write and Lead out; And who knows, but in a Year or two's time, you may be — call'd a troubleſome Puppy, and ſent about your Buſineſſ.

*Heartf.* That's hard.

*Conſt.* Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

*Heartf.* Pox on me for making one of the Number.

*Conſt.* Have a Care: Say no Saucy things: t'will but augment your Crime; and if your Miftref hears on't, encrease your Punishment.

*Heartf.* Prithee ſay ſomthing then to encourage me, you know I help'd you in your Distrefſs.

*Conſt.* Why then to encourage you to Perſeverance, that you may be thoroughly ill-us'd for your Offences; I'll put you in Mind, That even the coyeſt Ladies of 'em all, are made up of Desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will Capitulate at laſt. For that thundering Engenier, Nature, do's make ſuch havock in the Town, they muſt Surrender at long run, or Periſh in their own Flames.

*Enter a Footman.*

Sir, There's a Porter without with a Letter; he desires to give it into your own Hands.

*Conſt.* Call him in.

*Enter Porter.*

*Conſt.* What *fo*; Is it thee?

*Porter.* An't please you Sir, I was Order'd to Deliver this into your own Hands, by two well shap'd Ladies, at the *New-Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your Servants sent me hither.

*Conſt.* 'Tis well. Are you to carry any Answer?

*Porter.* No, my noble Master. They gave me my Orders, and whip, they were gone, like a Maiden-head at Fifteen.

*Conſt.* Very well; there.

[*Gives him Money.*

*Porter.* God bless your Honour.

[*Exit Porter.*

*Conſt.* Now let's see, what honest trusty *fo* has brought us.

*Reads.*]

If you and your Play-fellow can spare time from your Business and Devotions; don't fail to be at Spring-Garden about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, so you need bring no other Arms than what you usually carry about you.

So, Play-fellow: Here's something to stay your Stomach, till your Mistress Dish is ready for you.

*Heartf.* Some of our old Batter'd Acquaintance. I wont go, not I.

*Conſt.* Nay, that you can't avoid: There's Honour in the Case; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

*Heartf.* I doubt I shall be but a very useleſs one to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this Wound *Bellinda* has given me; I don't think I shall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

*Conſt.* O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for such Enemies as we have to deal withal.

[*Exeunt*

*Enter Constable, &c. with Sir John.*

*Constable.* Come along, Sir; I thought to have let you slip this Morning, because you were a Minister; but you are as Drunk and as Abusive as ever. We'll see what the Justice of the Peace will say to you.

*Sir Job.* And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of the Peace Sirrah.

[*They Knock at the Door.*

*Enter*

*Enter Servant*

*Constab.* Pray acquaint his Worship, we have got an unruly Parson here: We are unwilling to expose him, but don't know what to do with him.

*Servant.* I'll acquaint my Master.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Sir Job.* You — Constable — What damn'd Justice is this?

*Constab.* One that will take Care of you, I warrant you.

*Enter Justice.*

*Justice.* Well, Mr. Constable, what's the Disorder here?

*Constab.* An't please your Worship —

*Sir Job.* Let me speak and be damn'd: I'm a Divine, and can unfold Mysteries better than you can do.

*Justice,* Sadness, Sadness; a Minister so over-taken. Pray, Sir, give the Constable leave to speak, and I'll hear you very patiently; I assure you Sir, I will.

*Sir Job.* Sir — You are a very Civil Magistrate. Your most humble Servant.

*Constab.* An't Please your Worship then; he has attempted to beat the Watch to Night and swore —

*Sir Job.* You Lye.

*Justice.* Hold, pray Sir, a little.

*Sir Job.* Sir, your very humble Servant.

*Constab.* Indeed Sir, he came at us without any Provocation, call'd us Whores and Rogues, and laid us on with a great Quarter-staff. He was in my Lord Rake's Company. They have been playing the Devil to Night.

*Justice.* Hem — Hem — Pray Sir — May you be Chaplain to my Lord?

*Sir Job.* Sir — I presume — I may if I will.

*Justice.* My meaning Sir, is — Are you so?

*Sir Job.* Sir — You mean very well.

*Justice.* He hem — hem — Under favour, Sir, pray Answer me directly.

*Sir Job.* Under favour, Sir — Do you use to Answer directly when you are Drunk?

*Justice.* Good lack, good lack: Here's nothing to be got from him. Pray Sir, may I crave your Name?

*Sir Job.* Sir — My Name's —

[*He Hycop.* —

Hycop, Sir.

*Justice.* Hycop? Doctor Hycop. I have known a great many Country Parsons of that Name, especially down in the Fens.

Pray where do you live, Sir?

*Sir Job.*

Sir Job. Here —— and there, Sir.

Justice. Why, what a strange Man is this? Where do you Preach, Sir? Have you any Cure?

Sir Job, Sir —— I have —— a very good Cure —— for a Clap, at your Service.

Justice. Lord have mercy upon us.

Sir Job. [Aside] This Fellow do's ask so many Impertinent Questions, I believe, I gad, 'tis the Justice's Wife, in the Justice's Cloathes.

Justice. Mr. Constable, I Vow and Protest, I don't know what to do with him.

Constab. Truly he has been but a troublesome Guest to us all Night.

Justice. I think, I had e'en best let him go about his Businels, for I'm unwilling to expose him.

Constab. E'en what your Worship thinks fit.

Sir Job. Sir —— not to interrupt Mr. Constable, I have a small Favour to ask.

Justice. Sir, I open both my Ears to you.

Sir Job. Sir, your very humble Servant. I have a little Urgent Businels calls upon me; and therefore I desire the Favour of you, to bring Matters to a Conclusion.

Justice. Sir, if I were sure that Businels were not to commit more Disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir Job. None —— By my Priesthood.

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may Discharge him.

Sir Job. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you please to Accept of a Bottle ——

Just. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I never drink in a Morning.

Good-buy to ye, Sir, good-buy to ye.

Sir Job. Good-buy t'ye, good Sir.

[Exit Justice.]

So —— now, Mr. Constable, Shall you and I go pick up Whore together?

Constab. No, thank you, Sir; my Wife's enough to satisfie any reasonable Man.

Sir Job. [Aside] He, he, he, he, he —— the Fool is Married then. Well, you won't go?

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir Job. Then I'll go by my self; and you and your Wife may be Damn'd.

[Exit Sir John]

Constab. gazing after him.]

Why God-a mercy Parson.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Spring-Garden.

Constant and Heartfree cross the Stage. As they go off, Enter Lady Fancifull and Madamoiselle Mask'd, and Dogging 'em.

Conſt. So: I think we are about the time appointed; Let us walk up this way.

Lady Fancy. Good: Thus far I have Dogg'd 'em without being discovered. 'Tis infallibly some Intrigue that brings them to Spring-Garden. How my poor Heart is torn and wrackt with Fear and Jealousie! Yet let it be any thing, but that Flirt Belinda, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, All that's Woman in me shall be employ'd to destroy her.

[Exeunt after Constant and Heartfree.

Re-enter Constant and Heartfree. Lady Fancifull and Madamoiselle still following at a Distance.

Conſt. I see no Females yet, that have any thing to fay to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heartf. I wish we were; for I'm in no Humour to make either them or my ſelf merry.

Conſt. Nay, I'm ſure you'll make them merry enough; if I tell 'em why you are dull. But prithee, why ſo heavy and ſad, before you begin to be ill uſ'd?

Heartf. For the ſame Reason, perhaps, that you are ſo brisk and well pleas'd; because both Pains and Pleaſures are generally more conſiderable in Proſpect, than when they come to pafs.

Enter Lady B. and Belinda, mask'd, and poorly dress'd.

Conſt. How now, who are theſe? Not our Game, I hope.

Heartf. If they are, we are e'en well enough ſerv'd, to come hunting here, when we had ſo much better Game in Chase elsewhere.

Lady Fan. to Madamoiselle.] So, theſe are their Ladies without doubt. But I'm afraid that Doily Stuff is not worn for want of better Cloaths. They are the very Shape and Size of Belinda and her Aunt.

Madamois. So day be ineed, Matam.

Lady Fan. We'll ſlip into this cloſe Arbor, where we may hear all they ſay.

[Exeunt Lady Fancifull and Madamoiselle.

Lady B. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen?

Heartf. Why truly, I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find Women what they Appear to be, Sir?

Heartf. No, Forſooth; but I ſeldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

# The Provok'd Wife.

*Bel.* Then the outside's best, you think?

*Hearif.* 'Tis the honestest.

*Conſt.* Have a care, *Hearifree*; you are relapsing again.

*Lady B.* Why, does the Gentleman use to rail at Women?

*Conſt.* He has done formerly.

*Bel.* I suppose he had very good Cause for't:

They did not use you so well, as you thought you deserv'd, Sir.

*Lady B.* They made themselves merry at your Expence, Sir.

*Bel.* Laugh'd when you sigh'd.

*Lady B.* Slept while you were waking.

*Bel.* Had your Porter beat.

*Lady B.* And threw your Billet-doux in the Fire.

*Hearif.* Hey day, I shall do more than rail presently.

*Bel.* Why, you won't beat us, will you?

*Hearif.* I don't know but I may.

*Conſt.* What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown? —

And drunk I'faith.

## Enter Sir John.

*Sir John.* What a Pox—here's *Conſtant*, *Hearifree*—and two Whores I gad—O you covetous Rogues! what, have you never a spare Pnuk for your Friend—But I'll share with you.

[He seizes both the Women.]

*Hearif.* Why, what the Plague have you been doing, Knight?

*Sir Job.* Why, I have been beating the Watch, and scandalizing the Clergy.

*Hearif.* A very good Account, truly.

*Sir Job.* And what do you think I'll do next?

*Conſt.* Nay, that no Man can gues.

*Sir Job.* Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

*Lady B.* [Aside.] O Lord, we are undone!

*Hearif.* No, we can't sup together, because we have some Affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two Ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our Right in 'em.

*Bel.* [Aside.] Lord, what shall we do?

*Sir Job.* Let me see, their Cloaths are such damn'd Cloaths, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

*Hearif.* Sir *John*, your Servant. Rapture attend you.

*Conſt.* Adieu Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

*Lady B.* Why sure, you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuse us.

*Sir Job.* Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you; I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Kinght.

*Hearif.* runs off.  
*Hearif.*

Heartf. Ay, ay, you are in good Hands; Adieu, Adieu.

Lady B. The Devil's Hands: Let me go, or I'll — For Heaven's sake protect us. [She breaks from him, runs to Constant, twitching off her Mask, and clapping it on again.

Sir Job. I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demolish your ugly Face.

Const. Hold a little, Knight, she swoons.

Sir Job. I'll swoon her.

Const. Hey, Heartfree.

Re-enter Heartfree. Belinda runs to him and shews her Face.

Heartf. O Heavens! My dear Creature, stand there a little.

Const. Pull him off, Jack.

Heartf. Hold, mighty Man; look you, Sir, we did but jest with you. These are Ladies of our Acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

Sir Job. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heartf. Nay, but you must though; and therefore make no words on't.

Sir Job. Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you sauce to your Mutton. [Exit Sir John.

Lady P. Oh, I shall never come to my self again. I'm so frightned.

Const. 'Twas a narrow 'scape, indeed.

Bel. Women must have Frolics, you see, whatever they cost 'em.

Heartf. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

Lady B. You are the more oblig'd to us, for the Risque we run upon your Accounts.

Const. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our Knight Errantry, Ladies. This is the second time we have deliver'd you.

Lady B. 'Tis true; and since we see Fate has design'd you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust our selves in your Hands. But you must not have the worse Opinion of us for our Innocent Frolick.

Heartf. Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your Advantage.

Bel. Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are sometimes better than they appear to be.

[Lady Brute and Constant talk a part.

Heartf. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool: I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

Heartf. Which Sex nothing but your self cou'd ever have attor'd for.

*Bel.* Now has my Vanity a devilish Itch, to know in what my Merit consists.

*Heartf.* In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

*Bel.* One other Compliment with that serious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

*Heartf.* Some Women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

*Bel.* No, not that neither: but I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real, or an affected Blush.

*Heartf.* Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to express my self, I cou'd love you even to —— Matrimony it self a-most I-gad.

*Bel.* Just as Sir *Job.* did her Ladyship there.

What think you? Don't you believe one Month's time might bring you down to the same Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps. Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Mistresses, and then stark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me, honestly, is not your Patience put to a much severer Tryal after Possession, than before?

*Heartf.* With a great many, I must confess, it is, to our eternal Scandal; but I —— dear Creature, do but try me.

*Bel.* That's the surest way indeed, to know, but not the safest.

*To Lady B.]* Madam, are not you for taking a turn in the Great Walk: It's almost dark, no body will know us.

*Lady B.* Really I find my self something idle, *Belinda*; besides, I dote upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you.

*Conſt.* [Aſide.] So, ſhe wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

*Bel.* Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again.

*To Heartf.]* Come, Sir, ſhall we go pry into the ſecrets of the Garden. Who knows what Discoveries we may make?

*Heartf.* Madam, I'm at your Service.

*Conſt. to Heartf.* [Aſide.] Don't make too much haſte back; for, d'ye hear — I may be buſie.

*Heartf.* Enough.

[Exit *Belinda* and *Heartfee*.]

*Lady B.* Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. *Conſtant*. I'm afraid I ſhall lose your good Opinion of me.

*Conſt.* My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, never to be remov'd.

*Lady B.* But if I ſhou'd remove my Cruelty, then there's an end of your good Opinion.

*Conſt.* There is not fo strict an Alliance between 'em neither: 'Tis certain I ſhou'd love you then better (if that be poſſible) than I do now; and where I love, I always esteem.

*Lady B.*

Lady B. Indeed, I doubt you much:

Why, suppose you had a Wife, and she should entertain a Gallant.

Conſt. If I gave here just Cause, how cou'd I justly condemn her?

Lady B. Ah; but you'd differ widely about just Causes.

Conſt. But Blows can bear no dispute.

Lady B. Nor ill Manners much, truly.

Conſt. Then no Woman upon Earth has so just a Cause as you have.

Lady B. O, but a faithful Wife, is a beautiful Character.

Conſt. To a deserving Husband, I confess it is.

Lady B. But can his Faults release my Duty?

Conſt. In Equity without doubt. And where Laws dispense with Equity, Equity should dispense with Laws.

Lady B. Pray let's leave this Dispute; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Conſt. But whilſt you Attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reasonable I Assault you with mine.

Lady B. The Case is not the same. What Mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Conſt. Beauty soon obtains Pardon, for the Pain that it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compassion to the Wound: But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad as an ugly Face and a soft one: both very troublesome to many a Poor Gentleman.

Lady B. Yes, and to many a Poor Gentlewoman too, I can assure you. But pray, which of 'em is it, that most afflicts you?

Conſt. Your Glass and Conscience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious) if Pity or if Gratitude can move you. [Taking her hand.]

If Constancy and Truth have Power to tempt you; If Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at least some Hopes, that time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill ease my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

Lady B. Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd soon abate: And that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, Sir.

Conſt. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with Favours; for that's the Food, it naturally requires.

Lady B. Yet on that Natural Food, 'twou'd Surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all that you wou'd ask.

Conſt. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me therefore, since my Hunger rages, if I at last grow wild, and in my Frenzy force at least This from you. [Kissing her Hand.]

Or if you'd have my Flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and this, and Thousands more; [Kissing first her hand, then her neck.]

*Aside.*] For now's the time, she melts into Compassion.

Lady B. [Aside.] Poor Coward Vertue, how it shuns the Battle. O heavens! let me go.

Conſt. Ay, go, ay: Where ſhall we go, my Charming Angel—into this private Arbour—Nay, let's lose no time—Moments are precious.

Lady B. And Lovers wild, Pray let us ſtop here; at leaſt for this time.

Conſt. 'Tis i[m]poſſible: He that has Power over you, can have none over himſelf.

Lady B. Ah; I'm loſt.

Lady Fancy. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Madamoiselle bolt out upon them,

Madamois. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Conſt. Death and Furies, who are theſe?

Lady B. Oh heavens! I'm out of my Wits: if they knew me, I'm ruin'd.

Conſt. Don't be frightned; Ten thouſand to One they are Strangers to you.

Lady B. Whatever they are, I won't ſtay here a moment longer.

Conſt. Whither will you go?

Lady B. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord, where's this Belinda now?

Enter Belinda and Heartfree.

O! it's well you are come: I'm ſo frightned my Hair stands an end. Let's be gone, for Heaven's fake.

Bel. Lord, what's the matter?

Lady B. The Devil's the Matter, we are discover'd. Here's a couple of Women have done the moſt impertinent thing. Away, Away, Away Away, Away.

[Exit running.] Re-enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.

Lady Fancy. Well Madamoiselle, 'tis a prodigious thing, how Women can ſuffer filthy Fellows to grow ſo familiar with 'em.

Madamois. Ah Matam, il n'y a rien deſi Naturel.

Lady Fancy. Fe, fe, fe. But oh my Heart! O Jealousie! O Torture! I'm upon the rack. What ſhall I do? My Lover's loſt, I ne'er ſhall ſee him mine.

Pausing—] But I may be reveng'd; and that's the ſame thing. Ah ſweet Revenge! Thou welcome Thought, thou healing Balsam to my wounded Soul. Be but propitious on this one Occation, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind;

No blast of Fortune long disturbs her Mind.

Compliance to her Fate supports her ſill.

If Love won't make her Happy—Mischief will.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE *Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter *Lady Fanciful* and *Madamoiselle*.

*Lady Fancy.* Well, *Madamoiselle*; did you dogg the filthy things?  
*Madamois.* O que ouy Matam.

*Lady Fancy.* And where are they?

*Madamois.* Au Logis.

*Lady Fancy.* What? Men and all?

*Madamois.* Tous ensemble.

*Lady Fancy.* O Confidence! What, carry their Fellows to their own  
Houle?

*Madamois.* C'est que le Mare n'y est pas.

*Lady Fancy.* No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and  
quickly too, if I can find him out.

Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to see when Men and Women get toge-  
ther, how they fortifie one another in their Impudence. But if that  
Drunken Fool, her Husband, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town,  
I'll send him amongst 'em. I'll spoil their Sport.

*Madamois.* En Verite Matam, ce seroit damage.

*Lady Fancy.* 'Tis in vain to oppose it, *Madamoiselle*; therefore ne-  
ver go about it. For I am the steadiest Creature in the World —  
when I have determin'd to do Mischief. So, Come along. [Exeunt.

SCENE *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter *Constant*, *Heartfree*, *Lady Brute*, *Belinda*, and *Lovewell*.

*Lady B.* But are you sure you don't Mistake, *Lovewell*?

*Love.* Madam, I saw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my  
Master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand.

*Lady B.* Then Gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay  
and Play at Cards with us an Hour or two; for they'll scarce part  
till Morning.

*Bel.* I think 'tis pity they shou'd ever part.

*Conf.* The Company that's here, Madam.

*Lady B.* Then, Sir, the Campany that's here, must remember to  
part it self, in time.

*Conf.*

Conſt. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours, by indiscreet Usage of this. The moment you give us the Signal, we sha'n't fail to make our Retreat.

Lady B. Upon those Conditions then, let us sit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

O Lord, Madam, here's my Master just staggering in upon you; He has been Quarrelsom yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

Lady B. Into the Closet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if possible. [Conſt. and Heart. run into the Closet.]

Enter Sir John, all dirt and Bloody.

Lady B. Ah——ah—— he's all over Blood.

Sir Job. What the Plague do's the Woman —— Squall for? Did you never see a Man in Pickle before?

Lady B. Lord, where have you been?

Sir Job. I have been at——Cuffs.

Lady B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir Job. Sound as a Roche, Wife.

Lady B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir Job. You know——I think you Lye.

Lady B. I know you do me wrong to think so, then. For Heaven's my Witnes, I had rather see my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir Job. Then will I be Crucif'd.

Lady B. 'Tis a hard Fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir Job. 'Tis a damn'd Atheistical Age, Wife.

Lady B. I am sure I have given you a Thousand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you.

Nay, spite of allyour Cruel Thoughts, I'll still persist, and at this moment, if I can, perswade you to lie down, and Sleep a little.

Sir Job. Why——do you think I am drunk——you Slut, you?

Lady B. Heaven forbid, I shou'd: But I'm afraid you are Feverish. Pray let me feel your Pulse.

Sir Job. Stand off and be damn'd.

Lady B. Why, I fee your Distemper in your very Eyes. You are all on fire. Pray go to Bed; Let me intreat you.

Sir Job. —— Come kiss me, then.

Lady B. Kissing him.] There: Now go. [Aside] He stinks like Poiſon.

Sir Job. I fee it go's damnably against your Stomach—— And therefore——Kiss me again.

Lady B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir Job. Don't, I say.

Lady B.

Lady B. [Aside] Ah Lord have mercy upon me.

Well; There; now will you go?

Sir Job. Now Wife, you shall see my Gratitude. You give me two Kisses—I'll give you—two Hundred. [Kisses and Tumbles her.]

Lady B. O Lord: Pray Sir John, be quiet.  
Heavens, what a Pickle am I in?

Bel. [Aside] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Closet, and he shou'd Cudgel him soundly.

Sir Job. So; Now, you being as dirty and as nasty as my self, We may go Pig together. But first I must have a Cup of your Cold Tea, Wife. [Going to the Closet.]

Lady B. O, I'm ruin'd!

There's none there, my Dear.

Sir Job. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my Dear.

Lady B. You can't Open the Door, the Lock's spoil'd, I have been turning and turning the Key this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the Smith to morrow.

Sir Job. There's ne'er a Smith in Europe can Open a Door with more Expedition than I can do—As for Example.

Pou. [He bursts open the Door with his Foot.]

How now?

What the Devil have we got here?

Conſtant. Heartfree—And two Whores again, I gad—  
This is the worst Cold Tea—that ever I met with in my Life.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

Lady B. [Aside.] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir Job. Gentlemen—I am your very humble Servant—I give you many Thanks—I see you take Care of my Family—I shall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Conf. Sir, how odly soever this Business may appear to you, you wou'd have no Cause to be uneasie, if you knew the Truth of all things; your Lady is the most virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has past, but an Innocent Frolick.

Heartf. Nothing else, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir Job. You are both very Civil Gentlemen—And my Wife, there, is a very Civil Gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many Civil things have past between you. Your very humble Servant.

Lady B. [Aside to Conſt.] Pray be gone; He's so drunk he can't hurt us to Night, and to Morrow Morning you shall hear from us.

Conſt. I'll Obey you, Madam.

Sir, when you are Cool, you'll understand Reason better. So then I shall take the Pains to Inform you.

If not—I wear a Sword, Sir, and so good b'uy to you.  
Come along, Heartfree.

Sir Job. Wear a Sword, Sir—And what of all that, Sir?—  
He comes to my House; Eats my Meat; Lies with my Wife; Dishonours my Family; Gets a Bastard to Inherit my Estate—And when I ask a Civil Account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a Sword.—Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes, Sir, says he; I wear a Sword—It may be a good Answer at Cross-purposes; But 'tis a Damn'd One to a Man in my Whimsical Circumstance—Sir, says he, I wear a Sword.

To Lady B.] And what do you wear now? ha? tell me.

[Sitting down in a great Chair.

What? you are Modest, and can't?—

Why then I'll tell you, you Slut you.

You wear—an Impudent Lewd Face.—

A Damn'd Designing Heart—And a Tail—and a Tail full of—

[He falls fast asleep snoaring.

Lady B. So; Thanks to Kind Heaven, he's fast for some Hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our Story hand-somly; for we must Lie like the Devil to bring our selves off.

Lady B. What shall we say, Belinda?

Bel. [Musing]—I'll tell you: It must all light upon Heartfree and I. We'll say he has Courted me some time, but for Reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from Sir Job. That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he run into the Closet, tho' against our Will, and Constant with him, to prevent Jealousie. And to give this a good Impudent face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in) I'll e'en (if he pleases) Marry him.

Lady B. I'm beholding to you, Cousin; but that wou'd be carrying the Jest a little too far for your Own sake: You know he's a younger Brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true; But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity: I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a Cell upon Love and Bread and Butter. But I had rather have the Man I love, and a Middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair, there, and twice your Ladiship's Splendour.

Lady B. In truth, Niece, you are in the Right on't: for I am very Uneasie with my Ambition. But perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as Ill us'd.

Bel. Some Risque, I do confess, there always is; But if a Man has the least spark, either of Honour or good Nature, he can never use a Woman ill, that loves him, and makes his Fortune both. Yet I must own to you, some little Struggling I still have, with this teasing Ambition.

bition of ours. For Pride, you know, is as natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue; and yet it go's to my Heart to think I must never whisk to *Hide-Park*, with above a Pair of Horses; Have no Coronet upon my Coach, nor a Page to carry up my Train. But above all—that business of Place—Well; Taking Place, is a Noble Prerogative.

Lady B. Especially after a Quarrel.

Bel. Or of a Rival. But pray say no more on't, for fear I change my Mind. For o' my Conscience, were't not for your Affair in the balance, I shou'd go near to pick up some Odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Hearifree* for a Gallant.

Lady B. Then him you must have, however things go?

Bel. Yes.

Lady B. Why, we may pretend what we will; but 'tis a hard matter to Live without the Man we Love.

Bel. Especially when we are Married to the Man we hate. Pray tell me; Do the Men of the Town ever believe us Virtuous, when they see us do so?

Lady B. O, no: Nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will. They most of 'em think, there is no such thing as Virtue consider'd in the strictest Notions of it: And therefore when you hear 'em say, Such a one is a Woman of Reputation, they only mean she's a Woman of Discretion. For they consider, we have no more Religion than they have, nor so much Morality; and between you and I, Belinda, I'm afraid the want of Inclination seldom protects any of us.

Bel. But what think you of the fear of being found out.

Lady B. I think that never kept any Woman Virtuous long. We are not such Cowards neither. No: Let us once pass Fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can penetrate, into what we wou'd keep a Secret. And so in short we cannnot reasonably blame the Men for judging of us by themselves.

Bel. But sure we are not so wicked as they are after all.

Lady B. We are as wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way: Men have more Courage than we, so they commit more Bold, Impudent Sins. They Quarrel, Fight, Swear, Drink, Blaspheme, and the like. Whereas we, being Cowards, only Backbite, tell Lyes, Cheat at Cards, and so forth. But 'tis late. Let's end our Discourse for to Night, and out of an excess of Charity, take a small Care of that nasty Drunken Thing there—Do but look at him, Belinda.

Bel. Ah—'tis a Savoury Dish.

Lady B. As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Prithee call the Butler to take away.

Bel. Call the Butler?—Call the Scavenger.

To a Servant within] Who's there? Call *Rafor*! Let him take away

his Master, Scower him clean with a little Soap and Sand, and so put him to Bed.

*Lady B.* Come *Belinda*, I'll e'en lie with you to Night ; and in the Morning we'll send for our Gentlemen to set this Matter even.

*Bel.* With all my Heart.

*Lady B.* Good Night, my Dear.

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha.

[*Making a low Curtsy.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rasor.*

My Lady there's a Wag — My Master there's a Cuckold! Marriage is a slippery thing — Women have deprav'd Appetites — My Lady's a Wag ; I have heard all ; I have seen all ; I understand all ; and I'll tell all ; for my little French-woman loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will.

[*To his Master.*] Come, Sir, Your Head's too full of Fumes at present, to make Room for your Jealousie ; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come to your Kennel, you Cuckoldly drunken Sot you.

[*Carries him out upon his Back.*

### S C E N E *Lady Fancyfull's House.*

*Enter Lady Fancyfull and Madamoiselle.*

*Lady Fancy.* But, why did not you tell me before, *Madamoiselle*, that *Rasor* and you were fond ?

*Madamois.* De Modesty hinder me, Matam.

*Lady Fancy.* Why truly Modesty do's often hinder us from doing things we have an Extravagant Mind to. But do's he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him ? Do you think to Oblige you he wou'd speak Scandal ?

*Madamois.* Matam, to Oblige your Ladyship, he shall speak Blasphemey.

*Lady Fancy.* Why then, *Madamoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his Master, all that past at Spring-Garden : I have a Mind he shou'd know what a Wife and a Niece he has got.

*Madamois.* Il le fera. Matam.

*Enter a Footman, who speaks to Madamoiselle apart.*

*Foot.* *Madamoiselle*; Yonder's Mr *Rasor* desires to speak with you.

*Madamois.* Tell him, I come presently. [Exit Footman.] *Rasor* be dare, Matam.

*Lady Fancy.* That's Fortunate: Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stobborn, *Madamoiselle* — heark you — don't refuse him a few little reasonable Liberties, to put him into humour.

*Madam*

Madamois. Laissez moy faire.

Exit Lady Fancyfull.

Rasor peeps in; and seeing Lady Fancyfull gone, runs to Madamoiselle, takes her about the Neck, and kisses her.

Madamois. How now, Confidence.

Ras. How now, Modesty.

Madamois. Who make you so familiar, Sirrah?

Rasor. My Impudence, Hussy.

Madamois. Stand off, Rogue-face.

Ras. Ah—Madamoiselle—great News at our House.

Madamois. Why what be de matter?

Ras. The Matter?—why, Uptails All's the Matter.

Madamois. Tu te mocque de moy.

Rasor. Now do you long to know the particulars:

The time when: The place where: The manner how:

But I won't tell you a Word more.

Madamois. Nay, den dou Kill me, Rasor.

Ras. Come, Kiss me, then. [Clapping his bands behind him.

Madamois. Nay, pridEE tell me. [Going.

Ras. Good b'wy to ye. [Kissing him.

Madamois. Hold, hold: I will Kiss dee.

Ras. So: that's Civil: Why now, my pretty-Pall; my Goldfinch; my little Watterwagtail —— you must know that —— Come, Kiss me again.

Madamois. I won't Kiss dee no more.

Rasor. Good b'wy to ye.

Madamois. Doucement: Dare: es tu content? [Kissing him.

Ras. So: Now I'll tell thee all.

Why the News is, That Cuckoldom in Folio, is newly Printed; and Matrimony in Quarto, is just going into the Press. Will you buy any Books, Madamoiselle?

Madamois. Tu Parle comme un Librair, de Devil no Understand dee,

Ras. Why then, that I may make my self intelligible to a Waiting-woman, I'll speak like a Vallet de Chamber. My Lady has Cuckolded my Master.

Madamois. Bon.

Ras. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

Madamois. N'importe.

Ras. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Madamois. Ouy da.

Ras. For we have such Bloody Circumstances.

Madamois. Sans Doute.

Ras. That any Man of Parts, may draw tickling Conclusions from 'em.

Madamois.

*Madamois.* Fort bien.

*Ras.* We have found a couple of tight well-built Gentlemen, stuft into her Ladyships Closet.

*Madamois.* Le Diable.

*Ras.* And I, in my particular Person, have discover'd a most Damnable Plot, how to perswade my poor Master, that all this Hide and Seek, this Will in the Wisp, has no other meaning than a Christian Marriage for sweet Mrs. Belinda.

*Madamois.* Une Marriage? — Ah les Droleſſ.

*Ras.* Don't you interrupt me, Huffy; 'tis Agreed, I say. And my Innocent Lady, to Riggle her ſelf out at the Back-door of the Buſineſſ, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair Body, to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young Liquorish Whipſter, Heartfree. Now are you ſatisfy'd?

*Madamois.* No.

*Ras.* Right Woman; Always gaping for more.

*Madamois.* Dis be all den, dat dou know?

*Rasor.* All? Ay, and great deal too, I think.

*Madamois.* Dou be fool, dou know noting.

Ecoute mon pauvre *Rasor*.

Dou fees des two Eyes? — Des two Eyes have ſee de Devil.

*Ras.* The Woman's Mad.

*Madamois.* In Spring-Garden, dat Rogue Conſtant, meet dy Lady.

*Ras.* Bon.

*Madamois.* — I'll tell dee no more.

*Ras.* Nay, Prithee, my Swan.

*Madamois.* Come, Kifs me den.

*Ras.* I won't Kifs you, not I.

*Madamois.* Adieu.

*Ras.* Hold — Now proceed.

[Gives her a hearty Kiss.]

*Madamois.* A ca — I hide my ſelf in one Cunning place, where I hear all, and ſee all. First dy drunken Master come mal a propos; But de Sot no know his own dear Wife, so he leave her to her Sport — Den de game begin.

De Lover ſay soft ting.

De Lady look upon de Ground.

He take her by de Hand.

She turn her head on oder way.

Den he squeez very hard.

Den she pull — very softly.

Den he take her in his Arns.

Den she give him leetel pat.

Den he Kifs her Téttons.

Den she ſay — Pifh, nay fee.

{ As ſhe ſpeaks, Rasor  
ſtill acts the Man,  
and ſhe the Woman.

Den he tremble,  
Den she—Sigh.

Den he pull her into de Arbour,  
Den she pinch him

Ras. Ay, but not so hard, you Baggage you.

Madamois. Den he grow Bold.

She grow Weak.

He tro her down

Il tombe dessu,

Le Diable assist,

Il emport tout:

Stand off, Sirrah.

Ras. You have set me a fire, you Jade you.

Madamois. Den go to de River and quench dy self.

Ras. What an unnatural Harlot 'tis.

Madamois. Rasor.

{ Rasor struggles with  
her, as if he wou'd  
throw her down.

Ras. Madamoiselle.

Madamois. Dou no love me.

Ras. Not love thee!—More than a French-man do's Soup.

Madamois. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Ras. Don't bid me be damn'd then.

Madamois. No, only tell dy Master, all I have tell dee of dy Laty.

Ras. Why, you little malicious Strumpet, you; shou'd you like to be  
serv'd so?

Madamois. Dou dispute den?—Adieu.

Ras. Hold—But why wilt thou make me be such a Rogue, my  
Dear?

Madamois. Voila un Vrai Anglois: il est Amoureux, et cependant  
il veut raisoner. Vat 'en au Diable.

Ras. Hold once more: In hopes thou'l give me up thy Body, I re-  
sign thee up my Soul.

Madamois. Bon: ecoute donc:—if  
dou fail me—I never see dee more—  
if dou obey me—

{ She takes him about the  
Neck and gives him a  
smacking Kiss.

Je m'abandonne a toy.

Ras. licking his lips.]

Not be a Rogue?—Amor vincit Omnia.

[Exit Rasor..

Enter Lady Fancyfull and Madamoiselle.

Lady Fancy. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Madamois. On le va faire, Matam.

Lady Fancy. Look you, Madamoiselle, in short, I can't bear it—

No; I find I can't—If once I see 'em a-bed-together, I shall  
have ten thousand Thoughts in my Head will make me run distracted.

Therefore

Therefore run and call *Rasor* back immediately, for something must be done to stop this Impertinent Wedding. If I can defer it but four and twenty Hours, I'll make such work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he shall as-soon marry a Witch.

*Mademois.* [Aside.] La Voila bien intentionee.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE Constant's Lodgings.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

*Conf.* But what dost think will come of this Business?

*Heartf.* 'Tis easier to think what will not come off.

*Conf.* What's that?

*Heartf.* A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that. His dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

*Conf.* But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

*Heartf.* Not if you whisper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't, and there's no other way left that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet, to be perswaded we were got into his Wife's Closet only to peep in her Prayer-book.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

*Servant.* Sir, Here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

*Conf.* O ho, here's Instructions for us.

Reads.]

The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick.

We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole Business must be thrown upon a Matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the matter; 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the Design. We'll find Pretences enough, to break the Match. Adieu.

—Well, Woman for Invention: How long wou'd my Blockhead have been a producing this.

—Hey, *Heartfree*; what, musing Man? Prithee be cheerful. What say's thou, Friend, to this Matrimonial Remedy?

*Heartf.* Why I say, it's worse than the Disease.

*Conf.* Here's a Fellow for you: There's Beauty and Money on her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his; and yet —

*Heartf.*

*Heartf.* And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Niece, in the very Moment that you are a debauching the Aunt.

*Conſt.* Why truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to your ſelf?

*Heartf.* I ſhou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of hers, to believe ſhe cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em Right, after all, the Wife ſeldom rambles, till the Husband ſhews her the way.

*Conſt.* 'Tis true; a Man of real Worth, ſcarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd, there muſt be ſomething to urge 'em to it. They'll Cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge; a Fool, because they diſpife him; a Beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well grounded Value for, 'tis because they firſt ſee themſelves neglected by him.

*Heartf.* Nay, were I well affur'd; that I ſhou'd never grow Sir *John*, I ne'er ſhou'd fear *Belinda*'d play my Lady. But our Weakneſs, thou know'ſt, my Friend, conſists in that very Change, we ſo impudently throw upon (indeed) a ſteadier and more generous Sex.

*Conſt.* Why Faith we are a little Impudent in that Matter, that's the Truth on't. But this is wonderful, to ſee you grown ſo warm an Advocate for thoſe (but t'other Day) you took ſo much pains to abuse.

*Heartf.* All Revolutions run into Extreams, the Bigot makes the boldeſt Atheiſt; and the coyeſt Saint, the moſt extravagant Strumper. But prithee advise me in this Good and Evil; this Life and Death; this Blessing and Cursing, that is ſet before me. Shall I marry——or die a Maid?

*Conſt.* Why Faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage: Love's the forlorn Hope, which is ſoon cut off; the Marriage-Knot is the main Body, which may ſtand Buff a long long time; and Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives ground, as long as the main Battle has a Being.

*Heartf.* Conclusion then; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

*Conſt.* That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery, in which there are a wondrouſ many Blanks; yet there is one inestimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, though I were wrapt in all that Luxury it ſelf cou'd cloath me with, I ſtill ſhou'd envy you.

*Heartf.* And justly too: For to be capable of loving one, doubtleſs is better than to poſſeſſ a Thousand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

*Conſt.* But you wou'd know?

*Heartf.* I wou'd ſo.

*Conf.* Matrimony will inform you.  
 Come, one Flight of Resolution carries you to the Land of Experience ;  
 where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your  
 Soul and your Body both, or I'm mistaken. [Exeunt.

## SCENE Sir John Brute's House.

Enter Lady Brute, and Belinda.

*Bel.* Well, Madam, what Answer have you from 'em?

*Lady B.* That they'll be here this Moment. I fancy 'twil end in a Wedding. I'm sure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten thousand Pound, and such a Lass as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under strange Agitations? Prithee how do's your Pulse beat?

*Bel.* High and low, I have much a do to be Valiant, feel very strange to go to Bed to a Man?

*Lady B.* Um—it do's feel a little odd at first, but it will soon grow easy to you.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

*Lady B.* Good Morrow, Gentlemen : How have you slept after your Adventure?

*Heartf.* Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your Accounts have kept us waking.

*Bel.* And some careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray how do's this Matrimonial Project relish with you.

*Heartf.* Why Faith e'en as storming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hopes of delicious Plunder banishes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head;

*Bel.* Is it then possible after all, that you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock?

*Heartf.* Madam, you have made me so Fool-hardy, I dare do anything.

*Bel.* Then Sir, I challenge you ; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

*Heartf.* 'Tis enough ; I'll not fail.

[Aside.] So, now I am in for Hob's Voyage ; a great Leap in the Dark.

*Lady B.* Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Lessons ready ? For Sir John is grown such an Atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easie Terms.

*Conf.*

*Conſt.* We'll find ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning?

*Lady B.* Most lamentably morose, chewing the Cud after last Night's Discovery; of which however he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the Vallet de Chamber has told him all, for they are very busie together at this Moment. When I told him of *Belinda's* Marriage, I had no other Answer but a Grunt: From which, you may draw what Conclusions you think fit.

But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

*Enter Sir John and Rasor.*

*Conſt.* Good Morrow, Sir.

*Heartf.* Good Morrow, Sir *John*. I'm very sorry my Indiscretion shou'd cause so much Disorder in your Family.

*Conſt.* Disorders generally come from Indiscretions, Sir; 'tis no strange thing at all.

*Lady B.* I hope, my Dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

*Sir Job.* None, my Dove.

*Bel.* If not, I hope my Consent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can assure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further mischief.

*Sir Job.* And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another as soon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

*Conſt.* I am very sorry, Sir, to see you still seem unsatisfy'd with a Lady, whose more than common Vertue, I am sure, were she my Wife, shou'd meet a better Usage.

*Sir Job.* Sir, if her Conduct has put a trick upon her Vertue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loser.

*Conſt.* Sir, You have receiv'd a sufficient Answer already, to justifie both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your Family Affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

*Sir Job.* Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

*Conſt.* Well, Sir, if Truth and Reason won't content you; I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

*Sir Job.* Lord, Sir, you are very hasty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Closet, I shou'd have allow'd you twice as much time to come to your self in.

*Conſt.* Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want. We have no Quarrel.

*Heartf.* I told you how the Sword wou'd work [Sir John muzes. upon him.]

*Conf.* Let him muze; however, I'll lay Fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

Sir Job. [Aside.] 'Tis well——'tis very well—— In spight of that young Jade's Matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright stinking Cuckold——Here they are——Boo—— [Putting his Hand to his Forehead.] Methinks I could Butt with a Bull. What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her: But that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her——If I put my Horns in my Pocket, she'll grow Insolent——If I don't, that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me through the Guts——The Debate then is reduc'd to this, Shall I die a Heroe or live a Rascal?——Why, Wiser Men than I, have long since concluded, that a living Dog is better than a Dead Lion.

[To Conf. and Heartf.] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Passion are governable, I must own, I have never observ'd any thing in my Wife's Course of Life, to back me in my Jealousie of her: but Jealousie's a mark of Love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Lady Fancyf. enters disguis'd, and Addresses to Bellinda apart.

*Conf.* I am glad to see your Reason rule at last. Give me your Hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir Job. Your humble Servant. [Aside.] A wheedling Son of a Whore.

Heartf. And that I may be sure you are Friends with me too, pray give me your Consent to wed your Niece.

Sir Job. Sir, you have it with all my Heart: Damn me if you han't.

[Aside.] 'Tis time to get rid of her; A young Pert Pimp; She'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree a Letter.

Bell. Heartfree your Husband, say you? 'tis impossible.

Lady Fancy. Wou'd to kind Heaven it were: but 'tis too true; and in the World there lives not such a Wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glass, or Nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune too, was greater far than he could ever hope for. But with my Heart, I am robb'd of all the rest. I'm Slighted and I'm Beggar'd both at once. I have scarce a bare Subsistence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if e'er 'tis known I am his Wife, he'll murder me. [Weeping.]

Bell. The Traitor!

Lady Fancy. I accidentally was told he Courted you; Charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Misery: And as you see, I'm still so generous

generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do a thing, for which the Law might take away his Life. [Weeping.]

Bel. Poor Creature; how I pity her! [They continue talking aside.]  
 Heartf. [Aside.] Death and Damnation! — Let me read it again. — [Reads.] Though I have a particular Reason, not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice — I have lain with Belinda. (Good.) — I have a Child by her, (Better and Better) which is now at Nurse; (Heaven be prais'd) and I think the Foundation laid for another. (Ha!) — Old Tru-peny! — No Rack could have tortur'd this Story from me; but Friendship has done it. I heard of your design to Marry her, and cou'd not see you Abus'd. Make use of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again. Adieu. [Exit Lady Fancyf.]

Conſt. to B.] Come, Madam; Shall we fend for the Parſon? I doubt here's no buſineſſ for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to ſettle but their Hearts; and that I believe my Friend here has already done, very faithfully.

Bel. [ſcornfully.] Are you ſure, Sir, there are no old Mortgaſes up-on it.

Heartf. [coldly.] If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amifs to defer the Marriage till you are ſure they are paid off.

Bel. [Aside.] How the Gall'd Horse Kicks!

[To Heartf.] We'll defer it as long as you please, Sir.

Heartf. The more time we take to conſider on't, Madam, the leſs apt we ſhall be to commit Oversightſ; Therefore, if you please, we'll put it off, for just Nine Months.

Bel. Guilty Conſciences make Men Cowards: I don't wonder you want Time to Reſolve.

Heartf. And they make Women Desperate: I don't wonder you were ſo quickly Determin'd.

Bel. What does the Fellow mean?

Heartf. What do's the Lady mean?

Sir Job. Zoons, what do you both mean?

[Heart. and Bel. walk chafing about.]

Raf. [Aside.] Here is ſo muſh Sport going to be ſpoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this Impertinent Lady Fancyfull, and her Plots, and her French-woman too. She's a Whimsical, Ill-natur'd Bitch; and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis Ten to One but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear 'em tittering without ſtill? I Cod, I'll e'en go lug 'em both in by the Ears, and Discover the Plot, to ſecure my Pardon. [Exit Raf.]

Conſt. Prithee explain, Heartfree.

Heartf. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther. A Base Fellow!

Lady B.

Lady B. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married him—I had had no Husband.

Hearf. And what's her meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married her—I had had Wife enough.

Sir Job. Your People of Wit, have got such Cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be Understood.

Enter Rasor in Sackcloth, pulling in Lady Fancy. and Madamois.

Ras. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

Lady B. Heavens, what have we here?

Ras. A Villain——but a Repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

All. Rasor!

Lady B. What means this sudden Metamorphose?

Ras. Nothing: without my Pardon.

Lady B. What Pardon do you want?

Ras. Imprimis, Your Ladyships; For a Damnable Lye made upon your Spotless Virtue, and set to the Tune of Spring-Garden.

[To Sir Job. Next, At my Generous Master's Feet I bend, for Interrupting his more Noble Thoughts with Phantomes of Disgraceful Cuckoldom.

To Conſt. Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance.

To Hearf.] Fourthly, Your Pardon, Noble Sir, I ask, for Clandestinely Marrying you, without either bidding of Banns; Bishop's Licence, Friends Consent—or your own Knowledge.

[To Bel.] And laſtly, to my good young Ladies Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was fow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir Job. [Aside.] So that after all, 'tis a Moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

Bel. Well Sir, upon Condition you confes all, I'll Pardon you my ſelf, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the Company. But I must know then, who 'tis has put you upon all this Mischief?

Ras. Sathan, and his Equipage. Woman tempted me, Lust weakēnd me—And ſo the Devil overcame me: As fell Adam, ſo fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. Adam, will you make us acquainted with your Eve.

Ras. to Madam.] Unmask, for the honour of France.

All. Madamoifelle?

Madamois. Me ask ten thouſand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir Job. Why this Mystery thickens instead of clearing up.

To Ras.]

To Ras.] You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our pain.

Ras. One moment brings Sun-shine.

Sheewing Madamois.] 'Tis true; This is the Woman that tempted me. But this is the Serpent that tempted the Woman: And if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing, shou'd be like the Serpent's of Old.

Pulls off Lady F's Mask.] She should lie upon her Face, all the days of her Life.

All. Lady Fancyful.

Bel. Impertinent.

Lady B. Ridiculous.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bel. I hope your Ladyship will give me leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage your self.

Heartf. I yow twas strangely wicked in you, to think of another Wife, when you had one already so Charming as her Ladyship.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Fancy. aside.] Confusion seize 'em as it seizes me!

Madamois. Que le Diable e toute ce Maraut de Rasor.

Bel. Your Ladyship seems disorder'd: A Breeding Qualm, perhaps.

Mr. Heartfree: Your Bottle of Hungry Water to your Lady. Why Madam, he stands as Unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in earnest.

Lady Fancy. Your Mirth's as nauseous as your self, Belinda. You think you triumph o'er a Rival now.

Helas ma pauvre fille. Where-e'er I'm Rival, there's no cause for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch; 'tis from another Principle I have acted. I knew that Thing there wou'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife; that left your mutual Plagues shou'd make you both run Mad, I charitably wou'd have broke the Match. He, he, he, he, he,

Exit laughing affectedly. Mademoiselle following her.

Madamois. He, he, he, he, he.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Job. [Aside.] Why now this Woman will be married to somebody too.

Bel. Poor Creature, what a Passion she's in: But I forgive her.

Heartf. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll Pardon my Offence too, Madam.

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heartf. Then Pardons being past on all sides, pray let's to Church to conclude the Days Work.

Cunst. But before you go, let me treat you pray with a Song, a new married Lady made within this Week; it may be of use to you both.

S O N G.

## SONG.

**W**HEN yeilding first to Damon's Flame,  
I sunk into his Arms,  
He swore he'd ever be the same,  
Then rifl'd all my Charms.  
But fond of what h'ad long desir'd,  
Too greedy of his Prey,  
My Shepherds Flame, alas, expir'd  
Before the Virge of Day.

## 2.

*My Innocence in Lovers Wars,*  
Reproach'd his quick Defeat:  
Confus'd, Asham'd, and Bath'd in Tears,  
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.  
At length, Ah Shepherdes, cry'd he,  
Wou'd you my Fire renew,  
Alas, you must retreat like me,  
I'm lost if you pursue.

Heartf. So Madam; Now had the Parson but done his Business—  
Bel. You'd be half weary of your Bagain.

Heartf. No sure, I might dispense with one Night's Lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heartf. Then let's to Church:

And if it be our Chance to disagree—

Bel. Take heed—The furly Husband's Fate you see.

F I N I S.





RICE INSTITUTE LIBRARY  
P. O. Box 1892  
HOUSTON, TEXAS

0/C

